

*The gift of the author Mary Taft
to her niece Mrs. D. Mc Allen*

Memoirs
OF THE LIFE OF
MRS. MARY TAFT;
FORMERLY
MISS BARRITT.

—
WRITTEN BY HERSELF.
—

With a Portrait.

PART II.

(The Profits will be devoted to Charitable Purposes.)

“There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.” Gal. iii. 28.—“But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence.” 1 Cor. i. 27, 28, 29.—“God requireth that which is past.” Eccles. iii. 15.

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1827.

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1810

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ROBERTS

MISS BARRITT.

WRITTEN BY MISS BARRITT.

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PREFACE

TO PART THE SECOND.

THE reasons why I have published a part of my journal are clearly stated in the preface. I had then no intention of publishing any more than what is contained therein. In compliance with the entreaties of many friends, I have concluded to publish a second part. But as many applications *have* been, and no doubt *will* be made to travelling preachers for the work, it is my duty to state that they cannot be had of the Methodist preachers, except from a few who have kindly offered to dispose of them for me, but they may be procured as directed at the bottom of the title-page.

I would take this opportunity of expressing my thankfulness to the *God of all grace* for the good acknowledged to have been received in reading the first part of my memoirs, and also the gratitude I feel to those kind friends for the information communicated of *important matters* omitted; and I wish to state, that several of those particulars are recorded in my journal, but *not* published for *reasons* assigned in the former preface, others are not noticed by me and had entirely escaped my memory till the communications came to hand. I have since recorded them, and at a future period probably some of them may be published.

The *poetic* effusion addressed to me by one of our travelling preachers is very grateful to my feelings and deserves my sincere thanks. That *females*

were employed in the apostolic age of the christian church in preaching the gospel of Christ, is in my judgment set at rest, by Dr. Adam Clark, in his Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. On Rom. xvi. 12, the doctor says—“*Many have spent much useless labour, in endeavouring to prove that these women did not preach. That there were some prophetesses, as well as prophets, in the christian church, we learn; and that a woman might pray or prophesy, provided she had her head covered, we know; and that whoever prophesied, spoke unto others to edification, exhortation, and comfort, St. Paul declares—1 Cor. xiv. 3. That no preacher can do more, every person must acknowledge; because, to edify, exhort, and comfort, are the prime ends of the gospel ministry. If women thus prophesied, then women preached.*”

God has in all ages of the church called a few of his handmaids to eminent publicity, and usefulness; and when the residue of the SPIRIT is poured out, and the mellinism glory ushered in;—the prophesy of Joel ii. 28, 29 being fully accomplished in all its glory; then probably, there will be such a sweet blending into one spirit,—the spirit of *faith*, of *love*, and of a *sound mind*,—such a *willingness* to receive profit by *any* instrument,—such a spirit of *humility*,—in honour preferring one another; that, the *wonder* will *then* be, that the exertions of pious *females* to bring souls to Christ should ever have been *opposed*, or *obstructed*. May the Lord hasten the time! That the great head of the church may render the reading of the record of my labours and efforts to do good a still further blessing to the church and the world, is the earnest prayer of the reader's friend and servant for Christ's sake,

MARY TAFT.

RIPON WESLEYAN CHAPEL-HOUSE,

July 1, 1827.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF MRS. MARY TAFT;

COMPILED FROM HER JOURNALS, AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

PART II.

JANUARY 6, 1801. About this time I was at Leeds and in the neighbourhood, and saw the arm of the Lord made bare, especially one evening at the public bands in Leeds it was a precious season.

I received a letter from Mr. John Nelson, and another from Miss M. Wilks, requesting me to come over and help them in Wakefield, and neighbourhood. May the Lord direct me in all things for his glory. The Lord knows, that I would be what HE would have me be, and do what he would have me do. Amen.

On the sabbath-day, at Woodhouse chapel, we had a powerful day: some souls could rejoice in the mercy of God. The week following, I spake at Headingley, Chapel Town, and Holbeck: that week, many souls were awakened, several were brought to praise a sin-pardoning God, and some obtained renewing grace.

* * * * *

I received the following letter from Mr. Wm. Mc. Allum. A memoir of whom is published in the Methodist Magazine for 1810 page 149.

Lockington, 1801.

MY DEAR SISTER,

May God crown your soul with living fire!—that in his hand you may prove mighty to the pulling down of Satan's kingdom:—to this end, pray on—preach on—love on.—I pray, God help you so to do! Amen.—Glory be to God and the Lamb! Of late, I have been living next door to heaven: I am sure, I never enjoyed so much of the spirit of my Master, in all my life:—I feel willing to bear the cross and to follow Jesus.—Pray for me that my faith fail not. I am resolved by the grace of God, to live and die a revivalist. God help me to do so, for his name's sake. Amen.

I know you will be glad to hear, that God revives his work in this circuit. Glory be to God—many have been awakened and converted; and some fully sanctified through the blood of the Lamb! At Harpham, about eight miles from Burlington, we have a glorious work: the Lord is saving both rich and poor. The last time I was there, I joined *thirty* new members—but what is still better, the greater part are joined to the Lord. I have been at several new places in Holderness; and sure, such a display of the power of God, I have seldom before seen. We have some foretastes of a shower at Burlington-Quay, and in almost every part of the circuit. I beseech you, in the name of the Lord, come over and help us;—delay not;—the harvest is great,—the labourers few. Let nothing stop you from coming. Let me know how you are going on in your soul, and in your labours. I have a great deal to tell you, if God spare us to meet. I must conclude, praying God to bless you in body and soul for Christ's sake.

I remain,

Your loving brother in the gospel,

WM. MC. ALLUM.

I then returned to Mr. Burrows', of Woodhouse; and from thence, went to Birstall, to assist Mr. Emmett, and Mr. Beaumont. The Lord was eminently present the first sabbath-day, to alarm many, and there appeared a general awakening. I stayed with them about a month, and almost every day, sinners were awakened and converted to God; while others experienced a deeper work of grace. At Mr. Hargreave's, at Westgate Hill, several found mercy from the Lord—amongst whom were some notorious sabbath-breakers: we had a love-feast, in which the Lord was precious to many. On Monday, I spake in a church at Driglington, which two gentlemen had built: and notwithstanding it was a large place, many were obliged to remain without: several were awakened to a sight and sense of their sin and danger:—they both saw and felt their lost and helpless state:—most of them soon found the mercy of God.

At Morley, a place which had become proverbial for wickedness, and had stood proof against all the labours of our preachers for several years, I had a good time in speaking, and in the prayer-meeting: two or three, or more, found the mercy of God, and several others seemed alarmed; but as I was coming from the chapel, a man came up to me and said, "Can you tell me my fortune?" I answered, "Yes, if you live and die in the state you are now in, you will be damned to all eternity." I went forward, and another said, "But do you think that is a true fortune?" I said, "Yes, and if *you* live and die as you are, you will be sure to go to hell." The Friday night following, many came to Birstall, to scoff and ridicule; and as they went home, (as I was afterwards informed) the ring-leader of them was taken ill,

and died very suddenly : this, much affected the others, and the last night I was at Birstall, in the prayer-meeting, I heard two or three that were in deep distress for their souls, saying as they cried for mercy, " I never had any concern for my soul, till the woman told us our fortunes at Morley, at the Methodist chapel door." I learnt afterwards that more than twenty at that wicked place joined the society. O the pleasure that is felt while poor sinners are crying after God!

I returned again to my dear friends at Sturton Grange, where we had a gracious season; also at Mr. Coulson's, of Milford Hall, where I had been many times before, and seen the arm of the Lord made bare. The Lord was with us at this time of a truth, and made it known by the effects produced.

February 7. I rested that night, and preached at Sturton Grange on the sabbath, to a crowd of attentive hearers: some good was done at Aberford: at Keswick, and at Shipley, the Lord was present both to wound and to heal. On the Saturday, I came to Colne, to spend a little time with my dear brother, having been previously invited by Mr. Day (the superintendent preacher) and the friends. I spoke in our chapel, but it was so crowded that there was scarcely any getting in: numbers were obliged to stand without. On rising up, after I had sung and prayed, the people became alarmed from an apprehension that the chapel was falling. This occasioned considerable confusion, and the more so, as the gallery had formerly come down, at one time, when Mr. John Wesley was preaching there; on which occasion many were seriously injured. At *this* time, numbers jumped out at the windows, both above and below: many were

greatly bruised, and not a few lost some part of their garments ; but thank God, no lives were lost : the alarm was occasioned by the crash of a form under the gallery. For the moment, I felt unutterable things ; but as soon as I ascertained the cause of the disturbance, I gave out some verses, and sung with all my heart and strength. This produced attention, and many returned, that had gone away. My brother Robert said to a neighbour, “ I will go in again, and hear my sister ”—the other replied, “ how can you think of going in, when I saw one of the beams had given way more than half a yard from the wall.” This bespeaks the power of an alarmed imagination. Painful as this circumstance was, it serves to shew, that those who knew me best, and had been acquainted with me from my infancy, were ever ready to hear what I had to say for the Lord. After the people had become calm and settled, I proceeded—had great liberty in speaking—and upon the whole it was a good time : many were affected under the word : my soul was happy, and I felt very thankful for having had another opportunity of warning my neighbours and friends, for whom I have often shed tears in private. O, when will the time be, when God will make bare his arm ! O Lord God, remove every hinderance for thy mercy’s sake ! I then went to my brother’s, at Barnoldswick, and had there a precious season : some felt the awakening power of God ; among whom was a cousin of mine, who in a little time was brought out of darkness into light, and soon after took her triumphant flight to heaven.

The sabbath-day following, I was at Burnley, and spake at noon and night : the Lord began to soften hard hearts, and open blind eyes : some wept aloud : the power of God was wonderfully

present. Praised be his dear name! many, I trust, will remember this season of mercy for ever. I returned to Colne on Monday, and felt the Lord precious, while speaking: in the prayer meeting, my brother's eldest daughter found peace with God: it was truly a pleasing and an affecting sight, to see parents and children, first weeping, and then rejoicing together in the Lord: my soul cried out—

“ O for this love, let rocks and hills,
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues,
 Their Saviour's praises speak.”

That night, my dear brother was filled with love and power from on high: while exhorting, in the prayer-meeting, the Holy Ghost rested on him, and very many felt the force of sacred truth: I rejoiced much in the Lord. I spoke afterwards at brother Key's, of Corybridge—then at Trawden—also, at Mr. Sagar's, of Southfield: the Lord was present: some were brought into distress; while others could rejoice in, and praise a pardoning God.

The following sabbath-day, I spoke again, at Burnley: many, who were pricked in their hearts, followed me to Southfield: in the prayer-meeting at night, several souls found peace with God. Dear Mr. Wm. Sagar, who had done much for the cause of God; and who had long desired, and earnestly prayed for its prosperity, now realized in some measure the wish of his heart, in regard to his dear family and neighbours. I returned to Burnley on the Monday: God was with us of a truth: souls were brought to cry out for mercy, and several were enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God.—On the Tuesday, I held a meeting at Worstorn: many

appeared affected under the word, and professed to have received much good.—On Wednesday, I spoke at Pendlebottom, where two or three found peace with God. I returned with brother B.—to Colne, to rest; and on the Saturday we set off for Higham: it was a precious time to many, and some were awakened. Glory be to God! I then spake at Padiham: the Lord was present to wound and to heal: the dear souls from Burnley attended, and several found peace with God. At Simmon-Stone also, we had a precious season.

1801. I spake in our chapel at Colne, on Wednesday, and at Southfield on Friday.

* * * * *

About this time, I received the following letter from Mr. Thomas Smith, a leader, and local preacher in the Nottingham circuit:—

Long Eaton, April 20, 1801.

DEARLY BELOVED SISTER,

These lines come to you, hoping that you are well in body and in soul. We have still good news to tell you respecting the work of God at Long Eaton. God is keeping us alive, and sanctifying souls to himself. He is giving us more souls to our hire; and still I can stick to my old text, *we have not lost one yet*. The Lord is still carrying on his work in Nottingham circuit, killing and making alive; and we have heard that God is still blessing your labours, and we are glad to hear of it. We approve of your preaching the gospel: we have cause so to do, for God has blest your labours amongst us, and made you a lasting blessing to this day. We know *that God has called you to preach his word*, therefore, fear not; cry aloud, and spare not; lift up your voice like a trumpet, and tell the people the error of their doings. *I shall ever love the thought of a woman*

*preaching the gospel. I myself went to hear one out of curiosity, and God made it his opportunity to bless me with his grace, nineteen years ago; and hitherto by his help I am come, and hope by his good pleasure safely to arrive at home.** We have remembered you in our prayers, and still we will. May you devote body, and soul, and spirit to his glory, and never tire till death your soul remove. All our love to you.

From your's, &c.

THOMAS SMITH.

March 15. At Burnley, I heard Mr. Day, and was at the love-feast; after which we continued a prayer-meeting till seven o'clock, when preaching began, during which, several found peace with God,—and one or two found purity,—while others professed to be raised, healed, and strengthened. On the Tuesday evening, I spake again, when the power of God seemed to attend the word to all: conviction flashed in all directions—some were comforted—and numbers were powerfully affected, and wept much: in the prayer-meeting afterwards, three or four more were enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God: some of these had been notorious sinners, but nothing is too hard for Omnipotence to perform. On Thursday night, I again held a meeting, at Mr. Sagar's: it was a precious season indeed: some more were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour, and give him glory.—*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!*

* I believe the female referred to above was Mrs. Crosby. My husband's father, Mr. Taft, had invited her to preach at his house, at Sandyacre. Thomas Smith, then a trifling young man, attended (as did multitudes beside) out of mere curiosity, to hear what a *woman* could say; and the Lord made his hand-maid the instrument of his conversion to God.

Sabbath, 23. Brother B.— accompanied me to West Bradford: the Lord was present with us: some came from Burnley. On Monday evening, I spake at Clithero: it was a time of conviction. On Friday evening, the great Head of the church was with us at Barnoldswick: I laboured in the open air: it was truly a season to be remembered by many.

Sabbath 30. I was at Colne, where I spake twice: many wept: it was a blessed season to my own soul, and I felt much for the people: my earnest desire was—that my neighbours, and old acquaintances might get savingly converted to God.

On Monday, I was at Burnley, with Mr. Gill, who had just added to the society in that place above fifty members, in two days: the greater part were happy in God. All glory to God and the Lamb! This was the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes. From thence I went to Ackrington, and conversed with some who were enabled at that time to rejoice in the God of their salvation. On the Thursday, I spoke at Mr. Duckworth's, Haslington-Grange: several were under good impressions. I opened my mission at Haslingden, and found a hard time, though one was enabled to rejoice. From thence we journeyed to Blackburn; and after that to Bolton-Hall, where I had laboured before with some success; but Mr. T.—'s affair coming to light, in that circuit, proved a curse to many: a few, however, were at that time raised and healed.

* * * * *

Sabbath-day, April 12, 1801. I assisted Mr. Chettle, at Preston: as I was giving out—“*He that spared not his own Son, &c.*”—a woman cried out, and dropped from her seat: I asked

Mr. C.— to pray for her; he did so, while I left the pulpit and went to her: she was in great distress of soul, but in a few moments was enabled to believe that the Lord had pardoned all her sins: I returned to the pulpit, and while we were singing—“*Praise God from whom all blessings flow, &c.*”—she arose, and her countenance declared what she felt: I then proceeded to discourse from the passage I had mentioned: I had much liberty; many tears were shed. I spake again at night: it was a season, I trust, never to be forgotten: several could praise a pardoning God, and Mr. C.— laboured with all his heart: God bless him! Monday night also, was a night of salvation to several souls. We went into the country on Tuesday, when two persons, who had come many miles to the meeting, found the pardoning mercy of God. On Thursday, we returned to Preston, where a circumstance occurred which I cannot omit:—dear Mrs. P.— at whose house I was, went out to fetch a little beer to dinner: she felt disposed to go to a different place to what she usually did, and as she came out of the house, a lady came by: my friend invited her into the house, saying, “Miss B.— is with us, and would be glad to see you:” the lady made some apology concerning her dress, but complied with the invitation: I went into my room, followed by this woman, who soon began to weep, and tremble, and confess her sin: I encouraged and invited her to come to Jesus Christ, assuring her of his willingness and ability to save: she wished me to pray for her: we kneeled down, and prayed for some time: her distress of soul increased much, and she left me in that state of mind: we appointed to meet the next day: she came accordingly, and after we had prayed together for some

time, she found hopes of mercy and forgiveness springing up in her heart, which yielded her some consolation: after tea, we wrestled again for her in mighty prayer, and the Lord fully set her soul at liberty: she then rejoiced with all her heart. What appears remarkable respecting this woman, was—that she felt an impression the morning before, that she should see me, and why, she could not tell; but to prevent it, she went down by a back way: it was there, Mrs. P.—came out of the public-house and met her. How wonderful are the ways of God with his creatures! there is an unfathomable depth in the providence of God. “*O Lord, how unsearchable are thy ways, and thy judgments are past finding out!*” but eternity will discover the mysteries both of providence and grace. Lord Jesus, make me faithful to thy word and spirit. Amen.

* * * * * *

My brother came for me, and we returned from hence to Padiham. I spake in the afternoon and evening: some were deeply affected. On Monday evening, I spake at Burnley. I then rested a day at Colne, with my dear parents. On the Friday, I spake again, at my brother Hudson's, at Barnoldswick, and felt it good to be there. On Sabbath, April 26, at Easby, at noon, it was a solemn and affecting season. I spoke at Skipton, in the evening, to a crowded audience: two or three were enabled to rejoice in God. The mighty power of God was with us at Pateley Bridge, to soften the hearts of many; but the glory was departed from them before this. O Lord, revive thy own work, and in thy own way! Amen. From thence, we rode to Westwood and Tanfield, where I spent above a fortnight: I saw many brought to rejoice in the mercy of God, and was abundantly

happy to find others standing steadfast in the liberty of the gospel.—Good Mrs. H.— wished me to attend her funeral, as the Lord had made me useful to her and the family, whom I hope to meet in a better world.

May 26, 1801. I rode with Mr. B.— to Mr. C.—'s, near Wetherby: I had a blessed season with them at Warton Lodge, and Wighill. On the 30th, we came to Burlington, where I met my valuable friends, Miss W.—, and Mr. R.—. I spent about six weeks in this circuit, with much comfort and satisfaction to my own soul, and I believe, some lasting good to others: I had the happiness of seeing many brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light: both the preachers were made a great blessing to the people, and saw fruit of their labours. I often think I can say with the poet—

“ Who can describe the pain,
Which faithful preachers feel,
Constrain'd to speak in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel;
Or who can tell the pleasure felt,
When stony hearts begin to melt.”

* * * * *

In this six weeks, I took a tour to Hull for a few days, and there met my valuable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn, whom I much esteem in the Lord: we had reason to believe that good was done to many precious souls. One woman (of whom I heard afterwards) who had been in the society (if I mistake not) more than twenty years, but who had never yet obtained a personal and saving knowledge of God and his Christ, was now constrained publicly to declare—that she had not till now found mercy through the blood of the Lamb.

At Beverley, the Lord was with us, and souls were brought to the knowledge of the truth; as also, at Market Weighton. I arrived at this place about tea-time: many of the dear people were gathered together to meet me, whom I rejoiced to see. When tea was over, I begged to lay down one hour, that I might rest my weary body a little. They informed me when it was time to go to the chapel. I went very feeble and unfit for the great work; but while singing and praying I was encouraged, and blest, and felt a hope that God would make bare his holy arm. Indeed, I felt so impressed before speaking, with the power of God, and the worth of souls, as though I could not live unless good were done. On this occasion, the Lord did indeed condescend to work signs and wonders: many were in deep distress, particularly one, who has long been a travelling preacher among us; and not a few were brought into the liberty of the children of God. From thence I returned into the Bridlington circuit, and spent a few days with much profit to myself, and to many of the children of God; and several careless sinners were successfully warned to flee from the wrath to come, and invited to come to Christ for mercy and salvation. At Harpham, the arm of the Lord was revealed, and many were brought into the liberty of the children of God. Here, my old friend, Mr. George Bolton, from Tanfield, found me. He had come from thence to take me to attend the funeral of Mrs. Hawkswell, of West Wood, near Tanfield.

July 19. I accompanied Mr. B.— to Tanfield, by the way of York, Boroughbridge, &c., a distance of sixty miles; and notwithstanding I was much fatigued with riding so far on horseback, after the labours and exercises I had been

passing through, yet it was one of the most pleasant and profitable journeys of my life; truly, the *love of God* shed abroad in the heart, makes all things easy. The Lord did indeed pour into my soul, a fulness of love, and joy, and peace. The prayer of our poet was indeed answered, in my experience on this journey, and afterwards.

“ O may the gracious words divine,
 Subject of all my converse be :
 So will the Lord his follower join,
 And walk and talk himself with me ;
 So shall my heart his presence prove,
 And burn with everlasting love.”

Our conversation by the way was truly edifying. The next day very many attended the funeral. The corpse was brought into the chapel, at three o'clock, and I spoke from—“ *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, &c.*”: it was a time much to be remembered by many: there was scarce a dry face in all the place. She had been a pattern of piety from the time of her conversion to God. I afterwards laboured at Thornbrough: the Lord was present to do many of us good.

About this time, I received a letter from Mr. Isaac Brown, dated Pocklington, June 20, 1801, with a plan for a month—in which he says, “ My wish is for you to pay us a visit—but *do not let it be a short one*; favour us with as much time as you can spare,” &c.—

On Wednesday, July 29, 1801. I rode to Leeds, where the general Conference was about being held. I heard some precious sermons, and spent many valuable hours in company with some of the preachers. My good friend, Mr. John Pawson, was the president of this Confer-

ence. My residence was at Mr. Burrow's, of Woodhouse, where my brother and sister Barritt lodged. I found it a special good time, while hearing Dr. Coke read his letters on the work of God in America: surely, the Lord is abundantly reviving his work! How precious that expectation of meeting all the friends of Jesus in the upper world. It was here, that my sister Barritt informed me of my father being very cross with my dear mother: I felt exceedingly on that account: I left the room in great pain of mind—went into the chamber—and there wrestled and prayed much for my mother, and my father also: I particularly prayed, that God would stand by—save—and deliver my mother; and felt as though I could not give up without an answer: while I was wrestling—weeping—and praying, the Lord powerfully applied these words to my heart, "*I will deliver her*:" I came down stairs, quite satisfied, and rejoicing, but heard nothing particular till Saturday, August 8—when we were riding on our way home to Colne, my brother B.—called to me, and said,—“I have a letter from mother, which I would have shewed you before, but thought it would make you uncomfortable;” I replied, “Brother, is aught the matter with my father?” he gave me the letter, and I found to my astonishment, that my father had been seized with a paralytic stroke, which had taken away the use of one side, and so affected his sight that he could not discern one person from another: it happened, on that day, and perhaps in that hour, I was led so particularly to pray for him. I can never describe my feelings on this occasion: I lifted up my heart, and praised God that he was yet spared, and that now I was free from that anxiety which had long followed me

on my mother's account: my constant cry now was—"Lord, spare him till thou hast made him ready." We arrived safe at Colne in the evening, and found my father confined to his bed—but to my surprise, heard him singing part of a song: I went into the parlour, and spoke to him: I told him, I was sorry to see him in his present situation, but more so, to hear he had still no relish for the things of a better world: he soon informed me, he belonged to the church, and intended to be buried there.

* * * * *

On the sabbath-day week, I had to speak at Burnley, at noon and night: as I rode thither, it was powerfully impressed upon my mind—"tell the congregation his state, and beg their prayers for him." I felt several suggestions to the contrary—but at night, after I had done speaking, I told the people I had one favour to beg, and hoped they would grant it, as I never could have such another in this world, and that was—their prayers for my father, describing his state. I kneeled down, but could scarce pray for weeping: I shall never forget the *Amens*, and *the Lord save him*, from the people: that night, the Lord was indeed in the midst of us, to do us good. I returned home in the morning, and as soon as I saw my mother, she said—"O Mary, what dost thou think has happened to thy father?" I said, "I know not, but hope he is not dead;" she said, "no, but last night came in young T.—T.—, and when he saw him put his hand to the wrong side of the bed to shake hands, he said to him—"you are going to die;" my father replied, "I hope not, John," said the other, "*you are indeed, and if you die as you are, you are sure to go to hell*, for you have been a great sinner;" my father said, "not so

much as thee ;” “ no,” said the other, “ but I see, if I die as I now am, I also shall be damned to all eternity”—and added—“ I cannot pray, but get your folks to pray for you, and I will do my best ;”—so he kneeled down and said the Lord’s Prayer, and they both wept : when my father heard my voice, he called out—“ come, Mary, come and pray for thy father, it’s the best work thou canst do now ;” I immediately went in and prayed, and conversed with him : he confessed that he was a great sinner, and cried out much for us to pray with him, and for him, which we did perhaps ten or fifteen times a day, and he became very much in earnest with the Lord for mercy and salvation : if any one came to see him, he was very desirous for them to pray with him ; and would scarce suffer me to leave the room on any account : thus he continued from about August 20th to September 5th. The morning before he died, his voice began to falter, which when I perceived, I proposed that we all should join in prayer : the Lord was eminently present : after prayer, I said, “ Father, how are you ; do you feel—God loves you ?” he answered, “ *Yes, he does ;*” I said, “ but do you believe that when you die, God Almighty will take you to heaven ?” he said, “ *when I go, I am sure of it ;*” my soul felt truly lightened of its load, and I could rejoice, though he was never able to speak to me afterward ; but I believed, and do believe, I shall see him where pain can never come. I stayed a few days with my mother, and then took her with me to see some relations near Halifax, where I spake once (at that time), and some good appeared to be done. I returned again to Colne, September 27th, where I spoke at noon ; and at Southfield at night : some felt the mighty power of God.

After holding meetings in some other places in the circuit, I went to Padiham,—from thence to Colne and Todmorden, and then to Underbank: some good appeared in several of these places, on this visit.

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Soon after this, I went to Bacup: the Lord was present to wound and to heal; and at Mill-End, the Lord graciously made bare his holy arm. At Rochdale also, some were brought to the knowledge of the truth.

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October 30. I rode to Manchester, to see my dear friends in the Lord, Mr. B.— and Mr. L.—, with whom I had spent many happy hours before.—On the sabbath-day, as I was walking up the stairs into the band room, a well-looking man plucked hold of my gown, and cried out—“stop, you are my mother;” I looked back, and said—“God bless you, I know nothing of you, but come forward, and let us hear all about it;” he came forward, and spoke his experience, the substance of which is in the following letter, which he wrote to me afterwards:—

*Manchester, Saturday Night,
Half-past 11 o' Clock, Nov. 1801.*

TO MISS BARRITT,

May grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Last Lord's day, I addressed our friends in the *band* room as fellow-travellers, and told them, I felt the impulse of strong desire to tell them that I enjoyed great satisfaction and joy of heart—that I had come up with them on the road to God and glory,—and that I trusted to walk with them hand in hand in faith, hope, love, and obedience of the gospel, until we arrived before the

eternal throne. What religion I have is of celestial origin; it comes from God, and leads to God: it is founded in the principles of right reason, and immutable truth, and I am much comforted in the practical process. My process is this,—I live every day, looking to,—believing in,—and patiently following the man of sorrows.—It was not always thus with me: here, I wish to tell you *when* and *how* this change took place; I am just two years and three months old, between six and seven o'clock. On Thursday, the 8th August, 1799, I was informed that there was a woman to preach at Shude Hill, and was asked, "Will you go to hear her?" From motives of mere curiosity, I went; Miss Barritt preached from these words—"*My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.*" After first speaking of the works of the Father, and secondly of those of the Son, she asked,—“Is there not something for man to do?” Here she preached repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ: as she went on, it pleased God to harrow up my soul; my conscience roared; I felt an intolerable load of guilt, and groaned out—“good God! my works are all on the wrong side of the question.” I saw nothing before me but a violated law,—an offended God,—and hell yawning to receive me as its cursed inhabitant. Here, for the first time, the crystal sluices broke loose, and my hardened countenance was drenched in briny tears. When the preaching was over, Miss Barritt said, there would be a prayer-meeting in the room, and any who had a concern for their souls, would do well to come in. I waited in the meeting with keen anguish and dread remorse: I did not then understand the nature of our prayer-meetings, and nobody spoke to me:—I went home when it broke up, looking on myself as an outcast both from God and man. I was asked by the family, what I thought of the preacher;—I answered, “I never heard her match;” and well I might say so, for Jesus had by *her* told me all that ever I did:—I retired immediately to my chamber, and spent a doleful night. The following day, I strove to reason myself out of it, saying—“shall I be so weak, as to

give way to the vagaries of fancy ; this can be nothing but the effect of an over-heated imagination !” but the mind soon recoiled upon itself,—“ this is no over-heated imagination ; this is reason convinced.” In such miserable plight did I drag on, till Sunday night ; I went again to the same place, and heard *her* on these words,—“ *The great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand ?*” Then, I concluded myself justly damned. When *she* had made mention of several great days spoken of in the scriptures, *she* came to speak of the judgment-day,—describing, the awful artillery of the final catastrophe :—thunders rolling ! elements melting ! graves bursting ! rocks rending ! and the Judge appearing ! *she* asked, who shall be able to stand ? and then, preached Jesus, the rock of eternal ages, as the only sure place of standing for self-condemned sinners : here, in the depth of boundless mercy I was enabled to lay hold by faith, on the Christ of God, as delivered for my offences, and raised again for my justification : my soul found peace in the blood of the Lamb : my load of guilt was done away : light and life, joy and health, took place of trouble and sorrow. Since that happy time, I have gone on my way rejoicing, and I am determined in the strength of my redeeming God, to hold fast my confidence, and the rejoicing of hope, firm unto the end. Good Miss B.—, my feelings are great, but I know not how to express my gratitude to you, as the blessed instrument in the hand of God, of saving my soul. But let me ask one favour more—*O do pray for me.* I have much to say, but I must defer it till we meet in heaven. May the Lord, more and more, in all respects, bless you, and give you many faithful seals to your ministry, who shall be to you a crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord.

I am, your son,

In the assured hope of eternal life,

THOMAS SCOTT.

There were several brought to a saving knowledge of God, at Manchester, during this visit.—

In the meantime came my two valuable friends from Epperstone, near Nottingham, *viz.* Mr. Neap, and Mr. Millward: they came for me on purpose to open a chapel, which they had been the chief instruments, under God, of raising: they stayed three or four days before my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Broadhurst, would suffer me to go with them, being determined not to return without me. We had a long ride together, and I was much fatigued, but God was with us: the sabbath-day more than made up for all our fatigue in journeying: the Lord brought several out of darkness into his marvellous light. I spent the following week in, and about that place, with some considerable success, and could still sing—

“ Jesus all the day long, is my joy and my song,
O that all his salvation may see!

He hath lov'd me I cry'd, he hath suffer'd and dy'd,
To redeem such a rebel as me!”

I spent about a quarter of a year in the Nottingham circuit at this time, and at many places I saw the arm of God made bare in the salvation of sinners.

At Spoonenden, near Derby, I laboured with much success: several obtained mercy, who are still standing among the flocks of Emmanuel. From Nottingham, I journeyed to Bridgford: here the Lord gave me a few seals to my labours. From thence, I came to Farnsfield and Helam, where some good was done. Praise the name of the Lord! I rode from thence to Epperstone, and spake at night.

About this time, I received a long and pressing letter from the preachers at Bridlington circuit, inviting me to go over and help them. But I cannot go at present, and yet am thankful

to hear that some fruit remain. May they be preserved to the coming of the Lord Jesus.

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On Monday, March 15, 1802. Accompanied by Miss Lomas, and another friend, I rode to Flintham, where I met Mr. Hickling: I spoke in a barn, and some obtained mercy from God, and also at *Nesall*, in the open air, by moonshine: the people stood with much attention, and many tears were shed, while I spoke as the Spirit gave me utterance, from—“*The end of all things is at hand, &c.*” After the meeting was concluded, several under deep distress came, begging we would pray with and for them: two or three found peace with God: praised be his adorable name! From thence, we travelled to Newark-upon-Trent, and spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Hickling: we held a love-feast, and several found peace with God. On the Monday following, one young woman made a laugh of some of her acquaintance, and said many unpleasant things about those who cried out for mercy; however, she came to the meeting at night, and said, nobody should bring her down (as she called it).—In this meeting, the Lord was eminently present to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive: several were constrained to cry out for mercy,—the dear friends encouraged them much,—and God was praised by many; but, when the meeting was concluded the second time, the before-mentioned young woman cried aloud for God Almighty to have mercy on her, or she should certainly drop into hell: her dear father, who had been a class-leader for many years, knew not the voice of his own child: I cannot describe the father’s transport, when the daughter caught him in her arms, and cried out—“O father, God has had mercy on your un-

dutiful child ;” he could scarce believe his eyes or ears for joy, while we sung—“ *Praise God from whom all blessings flow, &c.*” They went with us to our good friends, Mr. Egglestone’s, where we supped, and praised God together.

March 23rd, accompanied by Miss E.—and another friend, I went to Mr. Dixon’s, of Bassingham, where the Lord was present and precious to many. After the meeting, two men came into our friends’ kitchen, and after supper, we had them in to prayer—but soon perceived that they were in liquor: I warned them of their sin and danger, and felt much blest in my own soul: I entreated them (if they wished to receive any good for their souls) that they would from that moment forsake all sin; they both wept, and promised they would by the grace of God; indeed, they seemed cut to the heart, and confessed, they were great sinners: I entreated them that, if they were sincere in their confessions, they would come in the morning, at nine o’clock, to family prayer; they promised they would: they then left us, but we observed them both on their knees, three times, before they got out of the yard; and we could distinctly hear them beg of God for mercy. In the morning, several neighbours came, and one of these men: he was under deep distress of soul, but the Lord spoke peace to his troubled breast, while we were singing that precious hymn—

“ Spirit of faith come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the godhead known,
And witness with the blood.”

Two or three more obtained mercy that morning, and praised a sin-pardoning God. From thence, we rode to Lincoln: here, the Lord was

present and precious to many souls : I have seen several since who praise God for pardon and salvation, communicated to their souls at that time ; others, who then received their first convictions for sin, never rested until the Lord spoke peace to their souls. All glory to God and the Lamb !

On the sabbath-day evening, we returned to Mr. Dixon's, and had a blessed evening in public worship. On Monday, it was their quarterly meeting. Mr. Gates, the superintendent preacher, invited me to speak to the people ; which I did, in a large barn : it was a time to be remembered. At nine, the next morning, we had a public meeting : many found peace with God, and some went away under deep distress.

I received the following letter from Mr. Braithwaite :—

Carlisle, March 27, 1802.

MY DEAR SISTER,

For some time I have had it upon my mind to write to you, to request you would favour us with a visit in this circuit. There is a fair prospect of extensive usefulness before you, and numbers mention you in the most respectful terms, and express a wish to see and hear you once more. In some new places the "*Fields are already white to the harvest.*" I believe you are the most likely person under God to raise and quicken, and more especially at Brampton and the Faugh. Our own friends at these places are lively and affectionate, and yet not many outward people care to hear. I am persuaded were you to come they would "*fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows.*" Carlisle itself presents a glorious field, as multitudes of every description throng the chapel. In short, as I and my colleague would give you all the support in our power, I think, every thing else considered you will neglect a clear call of Providence if you do not

come. I beg an early answer; say we may expect you, and when. The spirit of the revival is kept up among us, and you would meet with *no opposition*, but I believe much help and assistance, in the prayer-meetings.—When you write that you are coming, it shall be spread from “*Dan to Beersheba*.”—We have just concluded our quarterly meeting. I mentioned your coming before all the brethren, and they were *unanimous* for it. Wishing you abundant success in all your labours of love,

I remain your truly

Affectionate brother in Jesus,

JOHN BRAITHWAITE.

April 1. Mr. D.— accompanied me to Horncastle; we stopped about an hour by the way, and I spoke to a large congregation,—but we rode on, and left the greater part of them in tears, while Mr. Gates engaged with them in prayer. We got to my brother's, at Horncastle, in the evening, but he was out. We found Mrs. B.—, and nieces well. I praised the Lord for his tender care over me to the present moment: I am a child of many mercies; the Lord hath been long-suffering,—abundant in goodness and truth to me! On Friday evening, I spoke at Mr. Soulby's, about two miles from Horncastle, and on the sabbath-day, at Tetford, in the morning, and at Horncastle at night: it was a good day; many souls were much blessed. Praise the Lord! The week after, I met with my dear brother, whom I loved much, and from whom I had lately received many letters of invitation to travel with him (as well as from the people): his affliction had much shrunk him.

I spent about a quarter of a year with my brother, and in the circuit: we had many precious seasons: some good was done at Horn-

castle, but much more at *Tetford, Spilsby, Wainfleet, Boston, Billingham*, and Mr. Robinson's, of *Langham-Row*. That good old man told me, that he had had it on his mind for some years, that if the Lord would send *me* among them, his family would be saved; and, that when my brother was appointed for *Horncastle*, he believed his desire would be accomplished; that, he had prayed much about it, and that according to his faith it was done unto him. His daughter E.—, and after that, his son J.—, as well as many of their neighbours, were made happy in God.

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I received the following letter from Miss Egglestone:—

Newark, May 24, 1802.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

It is with pleasure that I take the present opportunity of writing to you. I thank you for your short note, but am sorry that paper is so scarce in *Lincolnshire*. I am glad to hear that the Lord hath been with you since you left us, and that he crowns your labours with success. May he do it more abundantly. As to these foul looks—and crying out for *order*, I assure you, it does not go down with me at all.—I have been almost fit to feel something of Peter's spirit, when he took out the sword to defend his Lord.—I very often think of, and pray for you, two or three times a day at least; and feel my soul blest in doing it. O may the Lord ever bless and stand by you, and cause the light of his countenance to shine upon you more than ever. I believe, your brother is not disappointed: he sees, you do shine like a little sun amongst the glow-worms, in *Lincolnshire*. God help you still to shine, and burn to all around. We have reason to thank God, he is doing something at *Newark*. Mr. Hickling admitted seventeen new members, and gave notes to twelve or thirteen more. Last sabbath evening, Mr. H. preached,

and afterwards, held a prayer-meeting, which was pretty lively, but rather too noisy for some. Mr. ——— prayed with one in distress, and she soon found peace,—as did another or two, while some of us were praying with her in Mr. H.'s house. You will be glad to hear of this work.—While writing this, I have received a letter from *Boston*, informing me of the good done while *you* were with them, for which I feel thankful, as I understand, they were in a dead state before. What encouragement, my dear sister, for you to labour on. The two women that found peace in the watch-night, when you were here, meet in the same class with me, and are very steady. My father and mother send their love to you, and say, their house is open for you at any time. Write soon, and let us know when you will be at Newark again. God bless you. Pray for your unworthy friend,

ELIZ. EGGLESTONE.

From Horncastle, I journeyed to Louth, and laboured a little with Mr. Hainsworth, and Mr. Slack, and saw some particular good done: several were brought into a state of favour with God, and others felt his cleansing, or sanctifying power. In that neighbourhood I found many happy souls, yea, some of the excellent of the earth;—they appear to have a burning zeal for the Lord of hosts, both here and in the circuit. At *Carlton*, the Lord was eminently present to save souls—William and George Mosby, commonly called the praying colliers, had been made a particular blessing here, and in many villages around; many that were brought to God in their meetings several years back, continue to this day, and are praising the Lord on their account.

About this time, I received several letters from preachers, and friends, inviting me to their respective circuits. The following shall be transcribed:—

Carlisle, May 25, 1802.

MY DEAR SISTER,

It is upwards of two months since I sent you a few lines to Nottingham, with the consent and entire approbation of *all* who attended the quarterly meeting, requesting you to come into this circuit without delay. Your expences would be borne, and every possible encouragement be given you. The people in general are prepared for your coming, and many anxiously desirous to see you.—You never had a clearer call I think to any place. I hope you will write by *return of post*, and say if we may expect you, and when. If this letter does not bring an answer, I shall be led to think you hold us in contempt. The people have asked, if I have received an answer to my last, till I am ashamed.—Wishing you much success in all your labours, and a safe and speedy journey to this place,

I remain your very

Affectionate brother in Jesus,

JOHN BRAITHWAITE.

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June 26, 1802. I came to Great Grimsby, and met with Mr. and Mrs. Sykes, to whom I had been under the promise of a visit almost two years, but never saw my way plain before now: here also, I found Mr. Poole, and Mr. Z. Taft, who laboured with Mr. Sykes, and with whom I had several happy seasons.—On the first sabbath, I spoke twice, in Grimsby chapel, to a large and attentive congregation: the Lord was present to assist the unworthiest of all his creatures, and to bless his people.

I received the following letter from Mr. Pipe:

Birstal, near Leeds, May 3, 1802.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I am desired by Mr. Pawson, and many of the friends in this circuit (which has my most hearty con-

currence), to request that you will visit them again, as soon as possible. You made them a promise of returning, which they have not forgot, and for the fulfilment of which, they are waiting. *The Lord blessed your labours when you were here before: I have met with several of your spiritual children, and have no doubt of your being useful if you will come again. This circuit abounds with backsliders; if you will come and seek them up, I will second your endeavours all I can. Remember, you will meet with no opposition to your manner of proceeding, either from preachers or people, but on the contrary, will be assisted from all quarters.* I hope you have peace within your walls, and prosperity within your borders. The Lord is good! He is doing wonders in the world! O may he hasten his kingdom, in all its glory, and make his Jerusalem a praise on the earth. Mr. Pawson would have written to you, but wished me to do it, because I was better acquainted with you than he was. Please to write, and come very soon. Many will be glad to see you, and none more so than

Your affectionate brother,

J. S. PIPE.

On Monday night, I spoke again at Grimsby: several were under deep distress for their souls' salvation, particularly one old man, who had been acquainted, and had corresponded with our Rev. father in the gospel, Mr. Wesley;—but who had been a backslider near forty years (as I was informed). That night, two were brought into the liberty of the children of God. This day, my much-esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sykes, spoke to me upon the subject of my union with Mr. Taft: I thought about it, but said little: indeed, at that time, I felt much against it in my own mind; but as they desired, and as it was my invariable plan, I did not forget to acquaint the Lord with it, and to entreat his

direction. I trembled at the thought of missing my providential path, in any thing, more especially in a matter of such vast importance; or of grieving the Spirit of the Lord.

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On Tuesday, July 29, 1802, Mr. T.— accompanied me to Louth: it was their quarter day. I spoke in the evening: Mr. T.— gave an exhortation afterwards: it was a blessed time to many. I was happy to see my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hainsworth, with whom I had many precious seasons the year before, but was sorry to find Mr. H. very poorly in body. Mrs. Hainsworth, who for several years had laboured successfully in the word and doctrine of our Lord, was very helpful, in supplying his lack of service, at this time. On the Wednesday, we returned to Mr. Tomlinson's, of Humberstone: I had a good time in speaking to a large congregation, and some were much affected. On Thursday, Mr. T.— accompanied me to meet Mr. Sykes, at Limber: I spoke in a barn, to a large and attentive congregation: one backslider got healed, and several more were under deep distress. On the Saturday, I had a resting day, with Mr. T.— and Mr. Pool, at Nathaniel Lamby's, of Castor. On the sabbath morning, I spake at South Kelsey, and the power of God was present of a truth: it was a time of general conviction; the most hardened were led to tremble with Felix, under the mighty power of God, and several cried aloud for mercy, yea, roared out, by reason of the disquietude of their souls: some obtained pardon, and several, a sense of sanctification, by faith in that blood which cleanseth from all sin. I never was witness to a more glorious work, considering the number of people. In the afternoon, I was at the

other Kelsey, in a large barn: it was a time of conviction to many, and great numbers wept much: in the after meeting, two or three found peace with God, and many more went away in deep distress. Afterwards, Mr. T.— accompanied me to Mr. Fox's, of West Raisin: we found them at family prayer. On the Monday, they went with me to Market Raisin, where we had a gracious season: it was their quarter day. Mr. Sykes administered the Sacrament: we had afterwards (what we call), a watch night, when, after evening preaching, two, three, or four persons generally give a word of exhortation; and then, the service is concluded with singing and prayer. Several souls found peace with God this evening, and some others remained in a state of conviction. On the Tuesday, I rode with Messrs. Tomlinson and Taft, to Humberstone, where I heard Mr. Taft preach his last sermon at that place, from—Numbers x. 29. "*We are journeying to the place of which the Lord hath said, I will give it you; come thou with us, and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.*" it was a precious time to me, and many others. On Thursday evening, I spoke at Tetney: the people heard attentively, and some seemed desirous, but I do not know that any received any particular good,

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On Friday, the 9th of July, my dear Mr. Taft told me his mind fully relative to the subject of our union; and on the Thursday forenoon, while at prayer, the Lord so fully convinced me that it was his will, that I durst not say any thing against it. This, never was the case with me before; for, though I had never said, either directly or indirectly, to any one, that I never would change my situation, yet,

hitherto whenever I was written, or spoken to upon that subject, I saw many things against it; but not one objection could I raise, nor any reason could I bring in my own mind against my union with Mr. T.; his person,—his behaviour,—his employment,—his friends,—his property,—&c. were altogether calculated to court my esteem: I felt a union with him, which though I did not fully acknowledge, yet I durst not, nay I could not, resist: the prayer of my heart then was—"Lord, if this be thy will, let it be further proved by my mind never varying:" it was so; I never felt a change, for a moment, from that day to this:—I am sensible, that this was the Lord's doing, and very marvellous in my eyes. O, how shall I sufficiently praise my covenant-keeping God, who hath hitherto stood by, provided for, and led unworthy me by a right way!

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On sabbath-day, the 11th, after having spoke at Binbrook in the morning, I assisted Mr. Taft, and Mr. Poole, in the love-feast, at Tealby: Mr. Taft preached. I spoke in the evening: it was a day to be remembered for good to many precious souls; the Lord was with us of a truth. On the Monday, Mr. Taft went with me to Mr. Fox's, of West Raisin, where we rested that day. On the Tuesday, Mr. Sykes and Mr. Taft set off for the Bristol Conference. I spent that week in that neighbourhood: some souls got awakened, and some were brought to a knowledge of God. All glory to God, and the Lamb!

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The following letter I received from Mr. Bond:—

Salmondby, June 28, 1802.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,

Not knowing when I should have the great pleasure of seeing you again, I have had an impression upon my mind to write to you.—I can truly say, that the Lord hath made you a messenger of good to my soul ; and I can praise him, from the ground of my heart, for sending you into this part of his vineyard ; and blessed be the Lord,—there are many more that can testify the same thing ; for, perhaps you were never made a more general blessing to any people, for the numbers, than you have been to us at Tedford. There are five that have begun to meet in class, and many more are under serious impressions ; indeed, our numbers increase almost every meeting. But it is not among these only ;—believers also, are quickened : our prayer-meetings are attended with a divine blessing, in a very wonderful manner. We can say, the Lord is verily in the midst. Praise his holy name ! Last night, at our prayer-meeting, it was pleasingly solemn to see the slain of the Lord. One backslider got healed—another justified—and three more remained under deep conviction.—Our dear friends and sisters are, as it were, *new made* ;—many more are getting clean hearts ;—and, we are now a band of love. The young man that found peace, at Brinkhill, exceeds almost any I ever saw, in zeal, and diligence.—I believe, he would follow you through the kingdom. The school-mistress is very happy,—but distresses herself, for fear she shall never see you again. Now, my dear sister, I must, in the name of the society, and in the most earnest manner, entreat you to come again to us. *soon as possible* ; for, we believe, the *Lord hath most assuredly called you*.—My wife joins in love. May the pleasure of the Lord still prosper in your hands wherever you are ; and grant, that in every place, you may be as useful as you have been with us. I believe your name will long

be precious in this place. There has not been one prayer-meeting since you left us, but you have been prayed for—that the Lord may bless you indeed.

I remain, dear Sister,

Your's, in the best of bonds,

EDWARD BOND.

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On sabbath-day, July 18, 1802, Mr. T.—went with me to Tealby: I spoke in the morning to a crowded congregation, and the Lord made bare his arm to save several precious souls. In the afternoon, we came to Market Raisin: here, I spake in the evening; several cried aloud for mercy, while others praised a sin-pardoning God. The week following was a precious season, in that neighbourhood. I spake at West Raisin, in Mr. Fox's barn: it was a time never to be forgotten by some; sinners were awakened, and cried for mercy in all directions; and I suppose eight, or more, were raised from a state of extreme sorrow and distress, to rejoice aloud in the God of their salvation. At Walesby, some good was done,—but more particularly at Bealby Mill, on the Friday night: five, or six, to our knowledge, obtained the favour and love of God; among whom was a young gentleman, who was captain of a ship, and who had come a considerable distance on the preceding sabbath, to see and hear a woman preach, (as he expressed it). He, at that time, got so convinced, and awakened to a sight and sense of his lost estate, that he had not rested since that evening: the Lord set his soul fully at liberty, when, he got his aged father in his arms, and praised God aloud for a praying Father. His Father had been a Methodist for many years.

On the Saturday, I returned to my good friend, Mrs. S. of Grimsby. I spake at Claythorpe, on Sunday morning, and at Grimsby in the evening: the Lord was with us; many expressed themselves as having got much good. Two or three more, the week following, obtained a sense of the divine favour. I travelled a few days with Mr. P.— and Mr. Truston: we rejoiced together in the prosperity of Zion; indeed, the Lord had crowned the labours of his servants abundantly, this year, in this circuit; there were left, between one and two hundred increase in the society, independent of removals and deaths.

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Mr. George Sykes was very much attached to Mr. Taft. They had been acquainted from early life, and their affection was mutual. Mr. Sykes lived at Nottingham when he was called out to travel; Mr. Taft also, lived in that neighbourhood. It is well known by those who were acquainted with Mr. Sykes, that he was very singular in his habits, and mode of expression; and though he was proverbially grave and solemn himself, yet he often produced a degree of levity and lightness in others. I understand, that when he got up to speak in the Conference,—the preachers anticipated something that would at least excite a smile. The Conference was, this year, at Bristol, and at the earnest request of Mr. Sykes; Mr. Taft accompanied him thither. When the numbers in society were called for,—upon Grimsby being named, Mr. Sykes said, “I left 530 members;—how many there are now, I cannot tell,—for Mary Barritt is knocking them down like rotten sticks.” This, as might be expected, produced a smile, but I did not hear that any other observations were made.

I received the following letters from Mr. George Robinson :—

Langham Row, July 3, 1802.

MY DEAR AND WELL BELOVED IN THE LORD,

—— You have an interest in our private and public supplications, at the throne of grace ;—and when praying for you in public, there are many hearty Amens, by all our friends : every day, some are entreating me to do all I can to get you here again. Last Sunday, Mr. Rought put down seven new members. We are fully assured, that there was much more good done while you were here, than what we knew of, or expected, while you were with us.—It is now, near forty years, since I first took the preachers into my house,—but none of them have been made so useful to my family as my dear and well beloved, sister Barritt.—I wished to have come to *Raisin*, to have solicited your return with me,—I have never before seen these parts so white for the harvest of the ingathering of souls.—I conclude, by praying you, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, that you will come over and help us.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

GEO. ROBINSON.

From the same :—

Langham Row, August 7, 1802.

DEAR MISS BARRITT,

I was in great expectation of seeing you again, at my house, before this time. But though I have been disappointed in not having the pleasure and edification of your company, preaching, prayers, and christian conversation, which I believe would have been very profitable to me, and my dear family and

neighbours, all round,—where, I believe, there is a field, ripe for the harvest.—Yet, I doubt not, but that the Lord has blessed your labours in the conversion of sinners, and edification of believers, where you are; and my prayer is, and shall be, that God would continue to bless you.—I pray however, that he may incline and draw you to visit us, once more, and that soon.—I am thankful that your dear brother (whom I greatly love) is appointed to labour in our circuit, the next year. May the Lord abundantly bless his labours—his soul, and family, for Christ's sake. Since you left us, my class has increased from 30 to 42; also, my poor, stammering way of speaking in public has been blessed. When I spoke from Numbers x. 29, &c. and Matt. xxv. 46,—several persons were convinced of sin, and brought to the knowledge of faith. O! how glad should I be for *you* to spend one week with my daughter Elenor, in going from house to house, to talk and pray with the people;—among whom I have laboured,—with whom I have prayed,—and for whom I have done all in my power, that they might hear the word of eternal life, for nearly forty years past.—

I remain, your

Affectionate brother in Christ,

GEO. ROBINSON.

On Saturday, August 7, 1802, Mr. Pool accompanied me to Louth, where I spent the sabbath with much comfort to myself; and many of God's dear children were much blessed. On Monday, the 9th, I came to my good friend, Mr. Sutton's, of Tetford: the Lord was with us, to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive: much good appeared here. O, that the Lord may save that dear people!—On Tuesday, I rode to Horncastle, where I rested till the Thursday. I then went, and spoke at Mr. Magor's, Greetham, and returned to Horncastle

on Friday. On Saturday, Mr. Taft returned from the Conference, and came to me at Horncastle, according to appointment. On the sabbath-day morning, we rode to my brother and sister Barritt, who were gone to Tedford: I spoke in the morning, and Mr. Taft at night: it was a good day; two, or more, found peace with God. On the Monday, we returned to Horncastle: Mr. Taft preached at night. On the Tuesday morning, August 17, we were married, in the presence of Mr. Simmonite, and a few other friends: my brother gave me to Mr. Taft; after which, we returned to his house. After breakfast, we prayed, and committed each other into the hands of the Lord. We then took chaise for Boston and Spalding; and on the Wednesday, proceeded in one of the London coaches for Canterbury, my husband's appointment. We arrived at London on Thursday morning. After we had rested a little, and refreshed ourselves, we went to see a few of Mr. Taft's friends; particularly, one pious family, who had treated him with all possible affection and kindness, when in London for a few months together, several years before. There was one thing I remarked in the course of conversation, which was as follows:—one of the daughters, Miss B.—, informed us, that a few nights before, she dreamed that Mr. Taft was just married to a pious, useful woman; and as soon as she saw me, she thought I was the person. After tea, and prayer, we parted with this dear family, Mrs. B.— putting something into my hand, in token of their love and affection for us.

On Friday morning, about five o'clock, we took coach for Canterbury, which is (I think) near sixty miles south of London. I went in

faith, sensible, that the Lord would be with us ; and fully determining, through his grace, to do what I could for that God who had done so much for unworthy me. We arrived in Canterbury about five o'clock, and went to some kind and affectionate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parnel. After tea, the stewards came, and wished my husband to preach, as it was preaching night, and as neither of the other preachers had arrived ;—" but," says one of them, " we wish to inform you how we are circumstanced, and we thought it better to do it before preaching, lest you should be pained at hearing it afterwards ;"—he then informed us, that at the last quarterly-meeting, Dover and Canterbury had agreed to be separated, and that they had sent their request to Conference, desiring to have two preachers appointed for Canterbury, and one for Dover ;—but, as the Conference had not acceded to their request, they had called a meeting, and fully agreed, notwithstanding the appointment of Conference, still to be separate from Dover, and to prevent the appearance of *partiality*, they had concluded to take the two first on the list. In conclusion, they wished Mr. T., if he had no objection, to go to Dover the next day. We told them, we would go, and expressed our thankfulness for the manner in which they had conducted themselves toward strangers. Mr. T. preached with much liberty and power : I prayed afterwards, and heard a few *Amens*, in the gallery. On the Saturday, we took coach for Dover, and arrived at the ship-inn, about nine o'clock at night, where we slept ; it being doubtful, whether the friends, at Dover, would receive any preacher or not ;—for, though they had agreed, at the quarterly meeting preceding the Conference, to be separate from Canterbury,—

yet, as Conference had not separated them, they did not wish to be separated by Canterbury. Mr. T. asked Mr. W. whether he must return to the inn,—he told him, he must, and they would have a meeting early next morning, after which, he would see him again. I would just observe here—that no sooner had Mr. Taft gone out from our room in the inn, than I fell down on my knees, and began to beg of Him who had the hearts of all in his keeping, that he would open our way, and make us a blessing to the people his providence might design us to be among. As soon as I rose from my knees, there was a rap at the door; thinking it was Mr. T., I said, “walk in:”—the door opened, and an aged lady moved toward me with the door in her hand; I begged her to walk in; she said,—“dear madam, I am sorry to disturb you, but have you any one poorly, or are you so yourself,—can I be of any assistance? if so, I should be glad:”—I thanked her for her kindness, and told her, I was not poorly, neither had I any one with me at present—adding, “I will tell you how it is;—I am a perfect stranger in this place, and so is my husband too;—he has left me here, and gone to seek some friends which we hope we have in this town, though unknown to us at present; and as I wish to do nothing without acquainting the Lord, or asking counsel from him, I have been praying that he would direct us, and abundantly bless our coming to this place:” tears immediately sparkled in her eyes, and she replied, “very good,”—wished me a very good night, and then withdrew.—In a few moments, I heard a rap at the door again, I said, as before,—“walk in,” thinking it to be Mr. Taft,—but the same lady came forward, with tears in her eyes, and after some apology, said,

“ will you have the goodness to step a moment or two into the next room, for I have a young lady with me, and we are going to France to-morrow,—she heard you pray, as well as myself,—I told her what you said, and she cannot rest satisfied without seeing you :”—I straightway followed her, and in her room, saw a young lady in bed, weeping : as soon as I went to the bedside, she got her arms about my neck, and prayed God to bless me : I spoke very freely to them both, for some minutes, concerning the work of grace upon the soul, and what we might obtain and enjoy through Christ ; and then kneeled down, and prayed for them with all my heart. I shall not easily forget what love I felt for the souls of these two strangers :—they both wept, and prayed God Almighty to bless both them and us : they then saluted and thanked me, and I took my final leave of them. O that the Lord may bless them both, and may we meet in glory ! Amen.

1802. In the morning, we breakfasted at Mr. W.—’s, who informed us—that the stewards and leaders had called a meeting, and concluded—that Mr. T. should be invited to preach that sabbath ; and on Monday, they would consult further upon the subject of his staying : their design in all this was easy to discover, and I do not much wonder at their acting in this way,—when I consider that Mr. Taft was a perfect stranger to them, and had only been a travelling preacher one year ;—when I consider also, the situation of Dover ;—the outward hearers, society, &c. ;—that the preacher would have to stay one year at the least, and preach regularly, during that time, five sermons a week, in the same pulpit, to the same people ;—that he would have the care of a class, besides his other public and

private labours ;—and that it would consequently require a person of some considerable abilities, as well as piety, to render him acceptable and useful in such a situation. There was one thing which I could not help noticing before the service began :—Mr. W.—took upon him to inform Mr. T. how he must preach, intimating, that loud speaking, hasty and strong expressions, &c. would by no means be acceptable or useful at Dover. Mr. Taft preached at ten,—at two,—and at seven in the evening : the Lord was eminently present, and afforded the needful assistance. In the evening, I prayed after the service, and Mr. Taft met the society, during which, I felt the Spirit of God like fire in my bones,—but what to say I knew not ; I felt such power from above, that I knew I must say something ; I stood up therefore, entreating the people to bear with me : I was a perfect stranger to them, but not to God, and as fully believed that God, even our God, had as surely sent us to them as ever he sent Joseph into Egypt. I immediately felt relief, and the Lord gave his blessing : several were much affected. We went home that evening, with Mr. Grace, to a room provided for a single preacher. During the religious services of this day, and indeed afterwards, I felt what it is utterly out of my power to describe. I must confess, I feared there was but little more than the form of religion among those who attended the house of God, and indeed I suspected there was something very defective even in this—so much looking at one another—moving the hand, or nodding the head—there appeared but little reverence, and devotion—and as to any Amen, not a wisper could be heard, except at reading the prayers, which are regularly performed here twice on the sabbath. Mr.

Wesley's abridgment of that excellent form of words is read, generally by a layman. Mr. Manger, I confess, read the service in a very becoming manner. But this I had not been accustomed to, so that the whole service, when taken together, was so different to those I had left, that had I not known the fact, I should not have supposed we had been in a Methodist chapel. Surely, the Lord will answer his Spirit's cry in my heart, and give us some more zeal, and life, and feeling. The Lord grant it soon, for his name's sake! Amen.

On Monday evening, Mr. Taft preached again, after which, the stewards and leaders met to determine whether he must be received as their preacher: they expressed a great deal of satisfaction. My husband had previously informed them, that I should not be any additional expense to them. During this week, we visited the people, and exhorted and prayed with them, from house to house. On Wednesday, I exhorted a little in the prayer-meeting. On Friday evening, Mr. Taft preached again; and on the sabbath-day, three times: it was a good day to many;—the congregations were considerably larger,—but I felt much, and was constrained to weep, when I saw with what light and trifling countenances the people entered the house of God. They looked upon us at first in a strange way, particularly me, as though I had come out of another land; for it appeared very strange there, to hear a woman pray to Almighty God, though numbers of them could be heard to pray aloud for damnation. I think, one of the oldest members in the society told me, he had never heard more than three prayers from all the women he had ever seen at Dover.

On Wednesday, September 1, I spoke again

a little in the prayer-meeting, which was held in a private house: very few, in general, attended; however, we had more this week, and a strong desire was expressed that I would speak more largely. The third sabbath was a good day indeed: my dear Mr. Taft laboured with all his heart, and many appeared to feel under the word. On Wednesday, I spoke again at the prayer-meeting: many attended; the Lord was present; and I felt much for precious souls, in-somuch, that I thought, if my way was not soon opened to labour more for the Lord, I must go and speak to the people on the sea-shore: I thought I could not live without doing that which I was as sensible it was my duty to do, as I was of my own existence. This week, a friend came from Deal, to ask us to go there: we consented, and went, September 11, 1802. I spake twice on the sabbath: the Lord was with us of a truth; many wept much. My husband preached at noon. I felt my soul truly thankful for this opportunity. We returned again to Dover, on the Monday. Mr. T. preached at night, as usual. This week, a friend came to our lodgings, and informed me, that he had a large place which had been occupied as a chapel, but lately as a warehouse, and that if I chose, he would fit it up as a place in which I might labour for the Lord: I gladly accepted the offer, convinced, that the circumstance was an answer to prayer.

On Saturday evening, September 18, I spoke at Dover, for the first time, in a public place of worship, from that passage—Job xxi. 3. "*suffer me that I may speak; and after that I have spoken, mock on.*" there was a large congregation, and many appeared much affected with the word. On the sabbath-day following, I spake

in the workhouse: some of the poor people appeared concerned about their immortal souls. On the Wednesday following, I spake again in the chapel, which the gentleman before-mentioned had opened for me: he soon came more fully forward himself, and joined our society. On the Saturday evening, I spoke again: the Lord was with us to awaken many, and some felt the love of God shed abroad in their hearts. And also on Wednesday evening, September 29th, when the Lord was present to bless our souls. We had, by this time, received several invitations from Canterbury: we went on Saturday, October 2nd; Mr. Taft having engaged a travelling preacher to supply his place at Dover. I spoke three times, in the chapel, at Canterbury, by invitation from the preacher and stewards;—and Mr. Taft once: we had very large, and in general, attentive congregations: many appeared to feel the force of divine truth. We returned to Dover on Tuesday, and I spoke at the usual place on Wednesday: the congregations in both places much increased, and some began to meet in class. During our absence, the friends at Dover had chosen new stewards. This week, the following paragraph appeared in the Kentish Herald, published at Canterbury, October 7, 1802:—"On Monday evening, a sermon was preached in King-Street chapel, in this city, by Mrs. Taft, a female preacher, in the connexion of the late Rev. John Wesley. The novelty of a female preacher naturally excited great curiosity; many hundreds of persons were present, and others were prevented from getting in for want of room. The text of her discourse was from the first epistle of St. John, the first chapter, and the ninth verse—" *If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us*

our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness ;" which she supported with many judicious and well-grounded remarks ; and being possessed with great fluency of speech, she attracted great attention from the whole of the congregation."

About this time, a young man came to Dover, to enquire after us : he found us at our much-esteemed friend, Mr. Reynold's. After a little conversation, he addressed himself to me, and said—" I suppose, you know nothing about me, but can you recollect being in the city of York ?" I answered in the affirmative ; he said, " I was there, brought to a knowledge of myself, and of God ;—in a fit of grief, I had listed for a soldier, and at that time was in York. One sabbath forenoon, seeing great numbers of people walking on the street, I asked them, what was to be done so soon in the forenoon ? and was informed, a woman was going to preach ; I pressed in among the crowd, and you spake from—"*Behold how he loved him ;*" and as you came towards the latter end of your discourse, you shewed,—that he had not only loved Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus, but *all of us* ; and then enquired, what returns we had made for such dying love,—at which, my sins all looked me in the face ; I cried for mercy with all my heart : the Lord heard my cry, and I went away a changed man. I began from that time to live a new life : it was a life of prayer and praise,—but soon after this—I, with some more of my companions, were drafted out to Deal, in Kent, which was a great trouble to me,—but a few of us began to pray in the Baptist chapel, till they forbade us ; then, we sought out for a room, and hired one of Mr. Baisden, gardener ; the Lord soon awakened him, his wife, and several more." To my astonishment,—this was the same Mr.

Baisden that came to invite us, and who took us into his house. How wonderful are the ways of God!—mysterious in his providence,—unsearchable in his judgments,—and his ways past finding out! Well, “*what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.*” The young man added further—“soon after we left Deal, I got my discharge, and am settled in business at ———, near Tenterdon.” I asked him, how he knew of our being at Dover?—he said, “as you came hither, Mr. T. preached at Canterbury, on the Friday evening, and you prayed afterwards: there were two friends present, out of the Rye circuit, who came back on the Saturday, and dined with me; and upon my asking them whether any of the new preachers were come, they said, yes; we have heard the young man; and his wife prayed afterwards: by this, I was sure it were you,—so was determined the first opportunity, to come and make myself known to you, and your’s.” He prayed with us, and we wept and praised God together. He encouraged me to labour on, in the name and strength of the Lord, who had surely seen there was need of us in Kent. This interview, as well as several others, with this dear man of God, was a great blessing to me.

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On Saturday, October 9, 1802, I went again to Deal: I spoke three times on the sabbath-day; and met a class on Monday night. We had three or four new members, who wished to cast in their lot with the people of God. I rejoiced to hear one or two crying out for mercy, and was more thankful still, that two found peace with God. I spoke to them on the Tuesday night: the Lord was with us, and his presence was precious to many. On Wednesday, I met Mr. T. at Easterby, and spoke there that evening.

On Friday, Mr. T. returned to Dover; and I spoke at Sandwich, for the first time. After the meeting was concluded, a well-dressed, aged woman, came to me and said—"I know you,—I both saw, and heard you, about two years since:"—I replied, "God bless you, I never saw you before that I know of," and wished her good night. This good woman, not satisfied with my answer, went to her class-leader, Mr. B.—; (she had been a steady woman for many years, and though she lived several miles in the country, she seldom missed her class)—she said to him, "I dreamed, about two years ago,—that a woman came and preached in our chapel, and was made a great blessing to my family;—and that they were all brought into the way to heaven, particularly, a wicked son, who has lain much upon my mind:" she added, "this is the woman I saw in my dream; and I fully believe the other parts of it will be fulfilled." On the sabbath-day, I assisted Mr. Sykes, at Margate. This woman's wicked son, hearing of this strange phenomenon (as he called it), came to hear. In the discourse, I was particularly led to speak in this way:—"I believe, where parents are truly devoted to God, and pray for their children, as they ought,—the children of such faithful, praying parents, will have hard work of it to go down to hell:" this sentence was like a nail fastened in a sure place: the young man thought within himself,—"I have been trying for many years to get down to hell, but I will try now, by the help of God, to get to heaven:" he was much convicted the ensuing week, insomuch, that he was severely tempted to put an end to his existence,—but some of our dear friends observing his distress, and to whom he opened his mind freely, were rendered a blessing to him;

they encouraged him to trust in the Lord, and unite with his people ; he did so, and soon found peace to his soul.—Religion, at this time, was at a very low ebb indeed at Margate ; and there being lately erected a very large and beautiful chapel, belonging to Lady Huntingdon's connexion, our preachers were deprived of many of their hearers ; however curiosity, at this time, brought many to attend ; and some wept, and appeared to feel under the word.

I wrote the following letter to my husband :—

Margate, October 16, 1802.

MY DEAR MR. TAFT,

I hope you got well and safe to Dover. God bless—be with—and every moment cause his face to shine upon you. We returned with Mr. R.— and Mr. Brewer, from Margate. I was glad to see my dear, good old Lancashire friend. At Sandwich, the chapel was well filled ; there were more than could sit down : the Lord was truly present ; many tears were shed. I spoke from—2 Cor. v. 11. My own soul seldom felt more. I was surprised when coming down from the pulpit ;—a gentlemanly person was speaking to Mr. R.—, and I could just hear him blessing God for sending me into this country ;—Mr. R.— looked amazed and confounded ;—the gentleman then turned to me, and said—“ I have come from Canterbury, on purpose to hear you again,”—and he did this with all the affection of a Yorkshire Methodist.—Praise the Lord, my dear, that ever we were at Canterbury ! He followed us to Mr. B.—'s, and informed me, that his dear wife had got much good with us. Before he left us, I found that he was a *Baptist* minister, at Canterbury : he prayed with us, and said, “ *I was with several ministers last Thursday, when you and your's were much prayed for.*” O, my dear, what kindness from entire strangers, and persons too, of another persua-

sion !—But the Lord is the same, and those who have much of his Spirit, it may easily be known and felt.—I heard Mr. Sykes last night, from—“*No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.*”—The Lord has given me that promise, over and over.—We have breakfasted with one local preacher, and we are going to dine with another,—Mr. Pyke (I think) they call him. He and his wife were here last evening, and seemed very friendly. Many enquire after you. Lord help me, and teach me what to do and say, that may be most for his glory.—The Lord is good and precious, and keeps my soul in perfect peace. I long to see you, my dear, best friend, whom I *most* love in all this world. Be mindful of yourself, for my sake. Mr. Sykes, and Mr. Brewer's love.

I am your's,

MARY TAFT.

On Tuesday, I returned to Dover, and spoke on Wednesday evening to a very large and attentive congregation ; again on the sabbath evening : the Lord made bare his arm, and powerfully worked in the hearts of many. On the sabbath, I heard Mr. Taft three times : it was a precious day to my soul, and to many others. Praise the name of the Lord !

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By this time, I had received letters from, and had wrote unto, most of my corresponding friends, since my union with Mr. Taft. All that wrote to me, expressed their affection and well-wishes, in as strong language as they did before my marriage, two or three persons excepted ; to one of those I wrote twice, but received no answer. Then, Mr. Taft felt it on his mind to write, which he did ; and in a few days received an answer, in which my friend was pleased to say,—he believed God had called me to some

great and extraordinary usefulness,—but, that although I had been very useful, I had now missed my way, for, I ought not to have married any one,—and that he believed I should soon leave the Methodists. This good man did not inform Mr. Taft what law I had broken, either human or divine; and what is very remarkable, this same good man, a few years before, had no objections I should marry one of his sons, and hinted that desire to me in letters, which I have now by me. There were two other persons, the one at Nottingham, and the other at Manchester, who refused to answer my letters to them, on the same grounds;—but glory be to God, he changes not, but still gives me his approving smile,—and not only so, but continues to me many, very many valuable friends, and raises me up others wherever his providence casts my lot: and though religion is at a lower ebb in the south of England, than in the north, yet God is the same, and the consolations of his Spirit are neither few nor small.

On Wednesday, I spoke again at our new place: the Lord was present, and several were refreshed. We had begun to meet some in the way of a penitent class, who had lately received good.

The following letter came to hand, directed:—

To the Stewards, &c. of the Methodist Society, Dover.

Birstal, October 25, 1802.

MY DEAR UNKNOWN FRIENDS,

It is now about thirty-three years since I was at Dover, or any place in that neighbourhood, so that, I suppose there is no person, now living, who has any remembrance of me; yet nevertheless, I cannot help

wishing the prosperity of the work of God among you : it is but too well known, that this has been for some considerable time at a very low ebb in Dover : I therefore could not help thinking that it was a kind providence that Mary Barritt was stationed among you, and that by the blessing of God, *she* might be the instrument of reviving this blessed work among you. Perhaps there never was a time when the Lord so greatly condescended to the curiosity of mankind, in order to do them good, as the present. He has been pleased to raise up, and send forth, all sorts of instruments. Men, almost of all descriptions,—poor men, rich men, learned and unlearned,—yea, black, as well as white men, and if he is pleased to send by a *woman* also,—who shall say unto him, What doest thou ?

The late Mr. Wesley was very much opposed to women preaching ; yet, when he saw that the Lord owned and blest the labours of Mrs. Crosby,—Mrs. Fletcher,—and the late Miss Hurrell, he was obliged to allow, that the Lord is sometimes pleased to go out of his common way, for the good of his poor creatures,—and therefore, he would say nothing against women preaching, in extraordinary cases. As to myself, I have long thought it more difficult to prove that women ought not to preach than many imagine. Let any one seriously consider—I Cor. xi. 5. “ *Prophesieth with her head covered.* ” Now, prophesying there has generally been understood to mean preaching. If then, the women never did preach at all, why did the Lord by the apostle give these instructions respecting their heads being covered or uncovered ?—I have been no great friend to women preaching among us,—but when I evidently see that good is done, I dare not forbid them. I seriously believe Mrs. Taft to be a deeply pious, prudent, modest woman. I believe the Lord hath owned and blest her labours very much ; and many, yea, very many souls have been brought to the saving knowledge of God *by her preaching*. Many have come to hear her out of curiosity, who would not have come to hear a man,—and have been awakened, and converted to God. I do assure you, there is much fruit

of her labours in many parts of our connexion. I would therefore advise you, by no means to oppose her preaching, but let her have full liberty, and try whether the Lord will not make her an instrument of reviving his work among you. I am an old man, and have been long in the work,—and I do most seriously believe, that if you yourselves do not hinder it, God will make Mrs. Taft the instrument of great good to you. Take care you do not fight against God. Many will come to hear her every where, who will not come to hear your preachers. Let these poor souls have a chance for their lives: do not you hinder them.

I am, though unknown,

Your affectionate friend,

And brother in Christ,

J. PAWSON.

(Continued.)

MY DEAR BRETHREN,

From a pretty long acquaintance with Mrs. Taft, I most heartily unite with our honoured father, Mr. Pawson, in beseeching you not to hinder her exercising her talents among you; for, I most assuredly believe—that God has called her to declare the glad tidings of salvation to the world,—and that he has already honoured her in the conversion of multitudes.

Your's, affectionately,

J. S. PIPE.

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October 30, 1802, I went to Canterbury: some got a real concern for their souls during this visit, whom I hope one day to meet before God. I returned to Dover, November 4, and spoke on the Wednesday, in my new place; and on Friday evening, for the first time, in our own chapel, by an invitation from the stewards

and leaders : indeed, I should have been invited to labour in it before this time, but for one person, who stood opposed to female preaching. This same person, during Mr. Taft's absence from Dover, had chosen new stewards, and hinted to one of our friends, that he had proposed one on purpose, because he believed he would oppose Mrs. Taft's labouring in our chapel. Mr. Taft submitted to this, though it was contrary to our rules and customs. At this, one of our stewards, and nearly the oldest member in the society, took himself out, and positively refused to take a ticket, until I was invited to speak in our own chapel : he thought, as all the hearers and members wished it, except one person, and a relation of his, who had been appointed steward, that the Lord was grieved with them for not doing it. In this particular, our good friend and aged brother missed his way ; he should not have refused to take his ticket, and thereby throw himself out of society ; besides, this gave an advantage to *one* who was seeking an occasion against us. Hence, he went to London, and charged me with dividing the society, and I know not what. I committed my cause into the hand of God : I knew, and the Lord knew, that we were all peace and harmony, but for one person, and about another or two, whom he had influenced to oppose my speaking in the chapel ; but he must have seen, and felt, had he been possessed of spiritual sight and feeling, that God was among us of a truth. I prayed for him with all my heart, but I felt exceedingly, as I always do, when I am fully convinced that any person is *standing in God's way*. The Lord supported me, and most assuredly gave me an answer to prayer, though not exactly in the way I wished. Surely, there is a retributive providence. Soon

after we left—*his sins found him out*, and he was removed *out of God's way*. He has once or twice been restored to membership; but, if I am correctly informed, he has not been in society for many years.

About this time, Mr. T. received a letter from the chairman of the London district, saying that,—he had been informed, that there was much disturbance at Dover, and that an actual division had taken place in the society, on account of Mrs. Taft's preaching; intimating, at the same time, that if this was not put a stop to, he must be under the necessity of calling a district meeting, which he was loath to do, not only because of the expense, but because of the unpleasant consequences which might follow.—Mr. Taft wrote an immediate answer.

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Mr. Allen to Mrs. Taft:—

Church-Fenton, Sept, 26, 1802.

DEAR SISTER,

I received your's of the 8th instant, and shall be always glad and thankful to hear from you. We can still pray for one another, though at so great a distance. I confess, I was somewhat surprised at your change in life, having heard nothing about it till it had taken place. Some are ready to blame you, but I am far from holding the doctrine of devils. I believe that God will still be with you, and make you a mutual blessing to each other.—This is the main end of marriage. This makes all things easy, whereas, the absence of this, makes all things hard. *Love* seasons, and sweetens every state:—love composes all controversies:—in whomsoever this properly prevails, to them only, marriage is what it should be,—a pleasing combination of two persons into one *home*, one purse, one heart, and one flesh. The ground of this *love* is the

will of God. Your yoke-fellow has taken you, I believe, as thinking you to be the properest person he could fix upon, in life, to help him in the way to heaven. See to it then—that this be your constant aim in all you say and do. I am sorry you are sent so far from us, and into such a barren wilderness; but God is at *Dover* as well as at *York*, or *Nottingham*, &c. &c.—You must pray, believe, and labour still, and you will see the wilderness blossom as the rose. I will help you by prayer,—and many others will do the same.—We had Mr. Smith this morning; he took for his text—“*My heart is weaned as a sucking child, &c.*” We had part talk about you last night. We have a good work among us.—The Lord is with us. My wife, son, and many friends, send their love to you. Please to give our kind love to your partner, and tell him to use his endeavours, soon as possible, to get into Yorkshire.

Your affectionate friend,

And brother in Christ,

WM. ALLEN.

I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the Lord, who knows all things, that he should just at this juncture of time, put it into the heart of one of our oldest travelling preachers, Mr. John Pawson, to write to the stewards of Dover, in favour of my *character, labours, and usefulness*.—Another travelling preacher wrote to them in the same way. This, I have ever looked upon as a particular providence,—that God should put it into the heart of this good old apostle, to write to us, and to the stewards, in the way and manner he did, and just at the very time when we stood in need of such encouragement; for, his letter was dated the same day as the letter Mr. T. received from the chairman of the London district. Truly, the Lord knew our situation, and sent timely help.

Soon after this, Mr. Taft received another, very affectionate, letter from the chairman of the London district, in answer to his; and as the Lord continued to unite the people,—to revive his work,—and to multiply Zion's converts, we heard no more complaints afterwards.

November 6. We went to Deal, and had a very good day: the Lord was very present and precious in the love-feast. We returned to Dover on Tuesday, and on Wednesday evening I spoke as usual. On Friday, the 19th, I left Mr. T., and spoke at Birchington; and on sabbath-day, at Margate. This people, like many others, too often lose, during the week, the good they receive on the sabbath-day. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Brewer stand by the work: there are several steady members, and faithful friends to Methodism in this place: some got awakened this visit, and two, or more, found peace with God.

I returned to Dover on Wednesday, and preached on Friday evening. On Saturday, the 20th of November, I went with Mr. Coff, to Hamstreet. One of the travelling preachers in the Rye circuit, and Mr. Roff, a local preacher, had been over to Dover some time before, to give me a proper invitation, which I now embraced with thankfulness. On the sabbath-day morning, we had a glorious time: many souls cried out for mercy, and others praised the Lord aloud. In the evening, I spoke at Woodchurch: the Lord was with us, and many were alarmed. On Monday night, at Tenterdon: it was a good time; I saw many in tears, and apparently much distressed: two were enabled, by faith, to lay hold of Christ for mercy, and to rejoice in God their Saviour: the young preacher was present, and several local preachers. On the Tuesday morning, we had a time, I trust, ever to be

thankful for. After breakfast, at a dear friend's, at Tenterdon, we sung a hymn, and spake a little of the things of God,—but while a gentleman from Rye was praying, the power of God began to come down: we prayed on till we could pray no longer;—prayer was truly turned into praise: some were on the floor,—others in different postures, pressed down, and overpowered with the power of God. Praised be his adorable name! At night, we went to a house in a wood, and the power of God mightily prevailed there; seven found peace with God, that we knew of: the first, was an old grey-headed man,—he began to tremble from head to foot, and to cry out aloud for mercy; and others appeared in agonies of distress, till the Lord spoke peace to their souls: indeed, the glory of the Lord seemed to fill the place. On Wednesday night, I spoke again at Tenterdon, when two found the Lord to pardon all their sins, and several remained under conviction. On Thursday morning, at family prayer,—one who had been seeking the Lord for years, obtained the favour of God. I met a class in the evening, and two more were brought into a more glorious liberty. O the power of divine grace!

On Friday, I held a meeting at a village, four miles from Tenterdon: the power of God was present to wound and to heal: two or three obtained the mercy of God, and a great many, formerly hardened sinners, were convicted in their consciences.*

I returned to Canterbury the third time, and

* We have heard since, to the joy of our hearts, through the medium of a letter from a local preacher in that neighbourhood, that many of these are still going forward in the way to the kingdom.

spoke morning and evening, but could not see much abiding fruit. Had not means been made use of to hinder, I doubt not but great good would have appeared here ; several of the people seemed very desirous that the Lord would revive his work.

I wrote to Mr. Taft as follows :—

Tenterdon, November 26, 1802.

MY DEAR MR. TAFT,

Not knowing what time I may have on Saturday evening, but expecting very little, I gladly embrace the present moment to write, more especially, as I have such good news for you,—such as I never had since we came into *Kent*. We arrived safe at *Hamstreet*, about ten o'clock, bless the Lord, as well as I could expect. I spoke in the morning from—Psalms, “*Create in me a clean heart, O God, &c.*” There was a very large congregation, and what was still better, there were but few dry faces : God was present, to wound, and convict. I spoke in the evening, about five miles distant : some felt much : we had a prayer-meeting,—but nothing out of the common way, only some said, they were never so happy before. On Monday, I came here, and met the young preacher and Mr. Roff, &c. &c. I spoke in the evening, and our dear friends held a watch-night ; it was a time of conviction. On Tuesday morning, in one of our friend’s houses, God did so abundantly pour out his Spirit on believers, as I seldom witnessed ;—the *local* preacher, and travelling preacher seemed filled, unutterably full, of glory and of God : the cleansing blood of Christ went indeed from heart to heart. I have seldom felt so much, at one time, in all my life ; it was a pentecostal shower indeed. O, how I wished you had been there,—but you were not forgot.—On Tuesday evening, we went to a place called *Penordom* : they would have me speak ; I did so, and it was a blessed season : one found peace while I was speaking.—(We had five or

six preachers present.) We had a prayer-meeting afterwards,—and souls begun to cry aloud for mercy; one old grey-headed sinner cried aloud, and trembled from head to foot, for about one hour, and then rose rejoicing and praising God: eight or nine more found peace with God. An old preacher, from Rye (a most precious man, who I thought much resembled Peter), stood up in the midst of the congregation, and shouted out—“*This is God’s work; read, when you get home, the second chapter of Acts, &c.*”——I stayed here all night; and next morning, at family prayer, the Lord begun to work on the mistress of the house: she is the tallest, and one of the fattest women I ever saw;—she cried out, I think, an hour, and then arose rejoicing in God her Saviour: and a young woman, at the same time, found the Lord to pardon all her sins. We returned to Tenterdon on Wednesday night, and had a good time in speaking: one that we knew of, found peace, and many more remained under conviction. Yesterday morning, two more found the Lord, at family prayer. Last night, I met the class, and two, if not more, found the Lord to cleanse them from all sin.—I can only inform you of a part of the good done, at present.—You know, I should be in my element.—If *you* were here, I could live and die with this dear people.——

Canterbury, Sabbath-day, two o’clock.—I received your’s very late last night.—After writing the above, I have felt much on account of your *affliction*. I have often thought, I should never know how much I loved you, or how dear I held you, till you were afflicted.—I begin to feel it now.—If I had wings, I should have flown to see you last night.—I could sleep but little; but could pray, believe, and give both you and myself to God.—He is wise, and all things do work together for our good; for, we *do love God*. My dear, let us love him more than ever. God is so good to me, I know not what to say. I am finely in body, and very happy. O help me to praise the Lord a thousand times more than ever! Though I slept but little last night, I have felt no want to-day. I have had a

glorious season: there were very few dry faces in Canterbury chapel this morning. I will attend, in some measure, to all you say, and come at the time.—Do take care of yourself,—for you are dear to me.

From your unworthy,

MARY TAFT.

* * * * *

On Monday, November 29, 1802, I spoke at Sittingbourne. Mr. Child, the Calvinist minister, would have me speak in his chapel. I may say of him, he is a most precious man of God;—one of the most charitable and affectionate souls I ever knew. This venerable servant of Christ, as soon as I had done speaking, stood up and said, “The Lord has certainly stepped out of his common way this night in order to do you good. The truths you have heard, if not properly improved, will surely rise up against you in the last day.” He then begged, in the most tender and affectionate manner, that they would all begin to seek the Lord. This was one of the best seasons of my life: the Lord was very present to many; some felt his healing influence, and others experienced his cleansing grace. In dear Mrs. Bates’, afterwards, the Lord much blessed many of our souls.

On the Tuesday, I returned to a village six miles from Canterbury, where God was present of a truth: many obtained salvation; several of these were from Feversham.

On Wednesday, December 1st, I returned to Dover, spoke again in our own chapel, and had a good time: many present appeared to feel. We had also blessed times in visiting the society from house to house: much good was done in this way.

On Saturday, the 4th, I went again to Deal, and laboured with much fruitfulness to the people, and satisfaction to my own soul. I returned to Dover on Tuesday, and met a class in the afternoon. On Saturday, I went the third time to Margate: I there delivered my soul with all freedom, and felt it very good. O, that I may never forget to be faithful, like one that must one day give an account unto the Judge of all! I spoke again at Birchington, and at Sandwich, on my way home: I felt the Lord truly good to my soul. O, what a consolation arises from a consciousness of being in the way of duty!

About this time, my husband received the following letter from the stewards of the Methodist chapel at Sheerness:—

Sheerness, December 9, 1802.

DEAR BROTHER,

We were very happy to hear of Mrs. Taft's usefulness at Sittingbourne last week; several were convinced of sin, and others were brought into the liberty of the children of God, the account of which no doubt Mrs. Taft has already given you. Several of our friends were in expectation of having the pleasure of Mrs. Taft's company in this part of the Lord's vineyard, when so near us last week, but my dear partner could not prevail upon her at that time to accompany her. We therefore now solicit the favour (if agreeable to Mrs. T.) of her spending a few days with us, as soon as convenient; and we believe much good will be done, many being desirous of hearing for themselves. We therefore hope we shall not be disappointed in our expectation. Shall be happy to see you with Mrs. Taft, if convenient, Many friends unite us in love, &c.

Your's, very affectionately,

WILLIAM GREATHEAD, }
JOHN SOLE, } Stewards.

On Sabbath-day, December 19, I endeavoured to sound the gospel trumpet once more at Dover: I felt much of the Lord's presence, and many wept. O, the goodness of God to such a poor worm as I am. May I love and praise him more, and serve him better!

I received the following letter from Mrs. Parnel;—

Canterbury, December 9, 1802.

MY VERY DEAR MRS. TAFT,

My spirit most cordially unites with your's, and I adore the divine hand that brought us acquainted with each other.—It is through your instrumentality that I have been brought to experience a greater share of saving grace.—I praise God for keeping my soul in perfect peace since I saw you. Not one thought hath arisen to cause me to *doubt*, or to disturb my peace.—I am humbled in the dust before God, and am enabled to leave all in his hands.—Though borne down with sickness, the Lord sustains me. I trust, my dear friend is still in peace,—and that Mr. Taft and yourself will be instruments of abundant usefulness in Dover. I hope to hear from you soon. My dear friend,—pray for me, that I may be humble and thankful.

I remain your affectionate friend,

ANN PARNEL.

December 26th, I spoke at Dover at night. The Lord be praised! he strengthens me beyond my expectation, both in body and mind. May his name be praised by me in life and in death. Amen.

Thursday, the 30th, I went to Deal,—and on Friday to Sandwich, and had a good season: many felt the word precious to them, and others got more fully awakened. On Wednesday, I

preached at another village in the country,—and on Saturday, the 8th of January, 1803, I was at Canterbury, and felt it good in speaking to the people. On Monday, I journeyed to Sittingbourne, and laboured with success : several found peace with God. On Tuesday, (if I mistake not) I went with dear Mrs. Greathead to Sheerness, where the Lord made bare his holy arm, to wound and to heal : many could praise God in the land of the living. O, the wonders of his grace ! From thence, I accompanied Mrs. G. to Chatham,—but there was such a crowd I could not speak that night : I spoke next morning, at five o'clock, to a crowded chapel : it was a time to be remembered in Chatham. On the Tuesday night, I laboured at Rochester, both the preachers, Mr. Crook and Mr. Holmes, as well as the people, having previously invited me.

On Wednesday, January 27, 1803, I returned to Dover, and had some blessed times of power and peace. Praise the Lord O my soul, and forget not all his benefits !

On the 30th of January, 1803, dear Mr. Taft accompanied me to Deal : he walked on to Sandwich on the sabbath morning, and preached. I laboured at Deal, and afterwards went to him, and spoke at Sandwich on Monday night. Mr. T. then went to preach at Dover, while I rested at Sandwich, on Tuesday. In the evening, I went with our dear friends to the chapel, and thought I would only pray once among the rest, as we intended to keep a prayer-meeting. After three or four had prayed, I gave out these lines—

“ A charge to keep I have,

A God to glorify,”—

This sung, I went up into the desk, (for I felt

moved of God in a particular manner) and then added—

“ A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.”

From these lines, I gave a word of exhortation, as the Spirit gave me utterance. I spoke of the state of the soul by nature and practice, and the work necessary to be wrought therein before any could be fit for heaven. While I was speaking, I observed three women in one pew, and she who was nearest the door, wept much : I desired a soldier who was near me to pray, during which, I went and kneeled down by the side of the woman who was weeping, and clapped my hand on her shoulder. I enquired, how she was ?—what ailed her ?—whether she knew she was a sinner, and was weeping on that account ?—she acknowledged, that she did, and was much distressed : she said, “ I have praying parents about two hundred miles off,—but I have wandered here, and forgot God ;—Lord have mercy upon me !” then turning to her neighbour, she said—“ this night puts me in mind of my dream ;—I have three children, and when I was big of my first, I dreamt that I was walking down a fine broad road, and all appeared pleasant about me,—but there came a woman and clapped her hand on my shoulder, and said, this is the broad road that leads down to hell ;—I thought, I started, and said, ‘ Oh ! what shall I do ? or whither shall I fly ?’—the woman said to me, ‘ there is a narrow road here on the right-hand,—it is but rough, but turn into it, for it leads to heaven : ’ ”—The poor woman, bathed in tears, turned herself, snatched hold of my hand, and said—“ you are the very person I saw in my dream ;” and added, “ I hope in God, that this

night I am turned out of the broad way, into the way that leads to heaven :” she said further, to her neighbour, “ how astonishing it is, that of all the years I have lived in this town, I never was in this place before.” I exhorted her to meet in class, which I learned afterwards she did the following sabbath-day, when she related the whole affair to Mr. C.—, of Margate, who laboured there afterwards. Her husband came to hear Mr. Taft, the next time he preached there, and was awakened to a sense of his wretched state and condition : he had been astonished at the change in his wife.

Some time after this, as I sat in a friend’s house, at Sandwich, this said woman came in ; the mistress of the house said to her—“ many of us know how you have been used ;”—she pleasantly replied, “ you know a little, and but a little ; when I have been too poorly to get out of bed, I have laid from morning till night, without any refreshment,—for, when my husband came home, he would not give me so much as a drop of water ;—and many days, he has locked the butter from me, and marked the loaf, so that, when my children have cried for bread, I durst not give them any :” she then exclaimed, with looks of exceeding joy, while tears started in her eyes,—“ *now*, I have nothing marked, and nothing locked.”—I cannot describe the pleasure I felt,—but cried out—“ bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.”

Wednesday, February 2, 1803, I went to Minster : it was a time of conviction, and one backslider obtained mercy. On the Thursday, I went to Upstreet : there was much snow upon the ground, which made me have an uncomfortable journey. There, I met with my dear valuable

friend, Mrs. Parnel, from Canterbury. I held a meeting at night: it was a season not to be forgotten; some felt present good,—and next morning, a young woman from Canterbury found the Lord to pardon all her offences.

On Friday, I spoke at Mr. G.—’s,—but unbelief too much prevailed with some; the servants however, were much affected.

On Saturday, I returned to Margate, and had a good day: some appeared to be wrought upon by the Spirit of God,—but oh! how hard for persons to get on in the good way who are not favoured with proper means. My dear Mr. and Mrs. Brewer were very happy. God for ever bless them! On Tuesday, the 8th, I returned again to Sandwich. A man having died suddenly, I was desired to speak on the occasion; I did so, with great freedom, from—“*set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.*” rich and poor wept much; it was a gracious season, and we had a full chapel. On the Wednesday, I returned to Dover, and we felt something of the first christians’ spirit, when they went from house to house, and eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart. God for ever bless this dear people! I laboured on the sabbath-day morning and evening—and the Lord was with us of a truth. The week following, I spent at Dover, with Mr. Taft, and the dear people whom we much love in the Lord.—February 20th, I spoke at Dover again, and rested the following week. We had blessed times at the classes, and while my husband laboured in the word and doctrine.

On February 27th, I spoke again at Sandwich: the chapel was well filled, and my own soul was much blessed: numbers seemed sensibly to feel the presence of God—yet my heart

was led to cry, "O for a Yorkshire shower of salvation, or such a breaking down as I have seen there." On the Monday, I returned to my dear husband, at Deal: he had been preaching there: at night, I warned them to escape for their lives. We continued a prayer-meeting afterwards, and some got their faith much increased for a greater work. On the first of March, we returned to Dover, and spent a comfortable week. Praised be the name of the Lord, he still continues with me,—blesses my own soul,—and, in a measure, owns my labours of love: I felt my own soul much blessed in pleading with God, for Dover. I again laboured on the sabbath, with all my heart; and during the following week, visited much from house to house, praying and exhorting.

On Saturday, March 12, I went again to Canterbury, and endeavoured to be once more clear of their blood;—for, I expect to meet that people in the judgment.

1803. On Monday, March 14, I spoke at Barton, six miles from Canterbury, where the Lord was present: several felt his softening power, and my own soul was much refreshed. All glory to God and the Lamb! But I cannot omit remarking the goodness of God, in a certain instance. As I came to this place, from Canterbury, in a post-chaise, with the mistress of the house, her maid, and another woman, to whom I had been speaking of the things of God,—the latter seemed to pay little regard to all that was said,—but when we came to the hill going down to Barton, one of the side-leathers which upheld the chaise, broke; at which, one of the horses began to strike, and soon struck the man from the seat,—the sight of which, caused me to pray aloud, "Lord save us, Lord

save us." I felt a sweet calmness, and a recollection of mind,—instantly realizing the presence and salvation of God ; and let down the side and front windows, being fully assured that we should be overturned. The horse continued to strike, and push the other on, till it came to the side of the hill, when the chaise was overturned, and broke to pieces : I burst open the door that was upward,—jumped out,—and assisted my friends. The carnal woman now began to bless and praise the Lord that she was in company with praying people ; she saw none but God could have delivered us in the way we were delivered, and clinging round me, cried out, " Glory be to God, he hears and answers prayer ; if you had not been here we had all been killed." She had her shoulder a little bruised ; none of us were materially hurt,—but both the wheels run over the driver, and he was a great deal bruised ; he recovered however in a few weeks. I waited at Feversham till the coach came up, and went in it to Mrs. Bates', of Sittingburn, where I spoke at seven o'clock : the room was crowded, and I felt great freedom while enlarging on, and applying these words—" *then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, &c.*" : two or three persons were enabled to rejoice in the mercy of God : my soul was glad to find that those who had got good in our former meetings here, stood fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free.

On Wednesday, March 16, I went with dear Mrs. G.— to Sheerness, and was much blessed while we spake of the love of God to our souls by the way.—On Thursday evening, at the prayer-meeting, many wept and were much distressed ; several were enabled to rejoice in God before we left them.

I received the following letter from Mrs. Parnel :—

Canterbury, January 5, 1803.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER TAFT,

Your precious letters are so many “Cordial drops that heaven in my cup has thrown.”—The last drew from my eyes refreshing tears ;—it raised in my heart chaste hallowed fires. How gracious the Lord is in giving me the affections of some of *His* dear children ; these, my soul delights in ;—to you, and others of the same cast, my soul is knit. I anticipate the happy time when our disembodied spirits shall surround the throne of God,—

“ And day without night
We shall feast in his sight,
And eternity seem as a day.”

Glory be to God, he keeps me day by day ! every morning in particular I feel much of his presence—great freedom of access to him, and at times such divine emanations from Him as the body is ready to sink under ; yet I durst not say, “ *Turn away thine eyes*”—but rather, “ O Lord, enlarge my heart to make thee more room ! ” I find your advice exceeding suitable and necessary, and through mercy I am enabled to attend to it.—Mr. Wesley’s Treatise on Perfection, I think, I fully approve of, and have found it very profitable and instructive ; but above all, He blesses me with *His* own word, and many precious promises are applied to my soul. Adored be *His* great name, I have not lost my confidence a moment : I am enabled to look up to him for momentary help, and in the way of faith and prayer, I have been preserved, from any thing that brings condemnation. I feel I have not a grain of independent grace or strength, but I see such a freeness and fulness in Christ, that I have only to sit down under his shadow and I find *His* fruit sweet to my taste. The Lord has blest my soul much in visiting the sick lately ;—I there learn the

value of *precious time*—and *precious souls*. I am thankful the Lord blesses your soul and prospers your word. I feel you very near in my approaches to the throne. O my dear love, pray for me, that I never may measure my steps back to earth again. I know I must be ever upheld by the arm of Omnipotence, or I shall *gravitate to earth*. I have had a very satisfactory letter from Mrs. Greathead : the Lord is evidently with her. Mr. Creed, from Sittingburn, still holds on his way. They want you at T.—, and solicit me to forward it, and go with you. Love to Mr. Taft. Near twelve o'clock, Sunday night,—farewell,

Your ever affectionate,

ANN PARNELL.

On Friday night, I spoke to a large congregation : it was a time of conviction. On Saturday, we visited from house to house, and had the happiness to find those standing in the good way, who were brought into it when I was here before.

On Sabbath-day, March 20th, I spoke forenoon and afternoon : the Lord was with us of a truth ; and at night we had a prayer-meeting, in which many, young and old, rich and poor, were much affected : many cried out for mercy, and a few that had believed were seeking purity of heart.—On Monday, in company with Mrs. G.—, and a few other precious souls, I went in the packet to Chatham, and spoke at seven o'clock, to a large and attentive congregation : many wept, and rejoiced in God. O that the Lord may save this place, and people with an everlasting salvation !—Here, I met with a letter from my dear partner, in answer to mine, in which I had informed him of my danger and deliverance. I transcribe the greater part of it :—

Limekiln-Street, Dover, 21st March, 1803.

MY DEAR MARY,

My spirit is with, and my best wishes, and most earnest prayers, attend you in all your labours of love. I was about preparing to write to you when your favour came safe to hand. I *am thankful* to you for your *kindness to me*,—and to God for his *superabundant kindness towards and over you*: “*had not the Lord been on our side,*” says David, “*when our enemies rose up against us, they would have swallowed us up quick.*” I read in the scriptures, and experience corroborates the awful truth, that *Satan* is the sworn enemy of God’s dear people. Your danger and deliverance put me in mind of what *mother Barritt* said in her last.—I have no doubt or scruple on my mind, but many have acted under *Satanic influence* in their opposition to you, though themselves perhaps have thought they have been doing God service; and now *Satan* finds he cannot stop your progress or usefulness in *Kent*, but that those few who have risen up to oppose, sink in their influence almost into a *nonentity* in the church: he may, for aught I know, call in to the utmost of his power, the inanimate part of creation to aid in preventing your usefulness, or stopping your progress in the church,—but what a mercy you are in the Lord’s hand, and not in the hands of men, or devils,—and while Jesus lives to save, and while God’s *power, wisdom, faithfulness, and love* remain, you need not fear: though a host encamp against you, yea, though all the combined powers of earth and hell unite. I can believe for you, far better than for myself; bless the Lord, I can trust you in his hands, *your hairs are numbered*, and whatever is done to you, is as done to Jesus; he will very soon wipe off every vile aspersion that has been cast upon you; he will put to silence and confusion every tongue that has risen up against you; but let us ever remember that the Lord saves us by human means and instruments, our bodies as well as our souls; therefore, I once more give you an apostolic injunction,—“*Take heed to yourself*”—your body,—its health, the

mode of its conveyance from place to place ;—if *wine* is needful, take it for thy *stomach's sake* ; if *rest* is needful, take it for the glory of God, and greater good to souls.—As to myself, I am as well as your absence will admit. Last sabbath was a precious season in the forenoon and afternoon to me and others : in the evening, I had a barren time. I have been out a good deal among the friends.—*I am a very awkward housekeeper*, and indeed I do not like to leave the service of the Lord to serve tables : as the servant of the Lord and his people, I think pretty well if I can provide five sermons a week for the temple service, without providing for these *earthly, vile, dying* bodies ;—besides, this *looks like usurping authority over the woman* ;—in this respect, as well as in every other, I want my dearer self,—but still, if the Lord hath greater need of you at *Chatham*, I must and will submit, hoping to see you at the time appointed.—My love to dear father Crook and wife, and inform him, I shall be happy to change for a fortnight, or a month, if agreeable to him, the friends here would be happy to see him, &c.—if so, it had better be *now*, as soon as this month's magazines are delivered out, there being no particular business just now requiring the superintendent preachers in their respective circuits. Give my love to brother *Holmes*, the preachers' families, and all the dear enquiring friends ; tell them, I want much to see them, to make my grateful acknowledgments in person for their kindness to you. I have just found out a young man, who has lately got saving good here ; I expect him at the class this evening. May the Great Head of the Church be with, and ever bless and direct you and me and all those who love him in sincerity.

I am thine as ever, and for ever,

ZACH TAFT.

From Mr. Pawson to Mr. Taft :—

Birstal, January 24, 1803.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We were very sorry to hear that you met with such a cold, not to say, unkind reception both at Canter-

bury and Dover, but were made glad by the account you gave us in your letter,—that the storm was blown over, and that your way was made plain. How well it is for us on a great variety of occasions, to commit our cause into the hand of the Lord by earnest prayer and supplication, and then to stand still till we see the salvation of God. He hath the hearts of all men in his hand, and he can turn them into our favour when it will be best for us that it should be so.—I am very glad that those good men at Dover were not offended with my letter, and much more so to find that the *door was now opened wide for the partner of your life, to use the gifts which the Lord hath given her, for the enlargement of his kingdom.* He will send by whom he will send, and it does not become us to say to the infinitely wise and blessed God,—“*What doest thou?*” but rather to rejoice when we have reason to believe that he doth good by the instrumentality of any one. An apostle could rejoice, even when Christ was preached out of envy and strife. I have long been convinced that the Lord takes such methods, and uses such instruments in reviving, increasing, and carrying on his work, as hath a direct tendency to hide pride from man, and so convince every one that this is the work of God,—so that no flesh may glory in his sight, but that he who glorieth, may glory in the Lord. While we see that the help that is done in the earth, the Lord doth it himself, we shall be in little danger of self-exaltation, but we shall willingly give the praise to him, to whom we see it is most justly due, and how sensibly do we feel that we can be only happy in so doing. While gratitude overflows our hearts, and our spirits bow before the Lord under a deep sense of his goodness, we enjoy solid peace, and permanent pleasure; in short, we can only enjoy real happiness in “That one way which the Lord hath appointed,”—in being wholly devoted to him who is the God of all consolation.

We have heard but little concerning you since we received your letter. I write, therefore, in order to request the favour of a line, informing us how the work

of the Lord prospers in your hands. *I do assure you, it will give us heart-felt pleasure to hear that the Lord attends the ministry, even of a woman, with abundant success.* Therefore, do let us know how you go on. The work of the Lord has long been in a low state in the south of England, except in London itself, and if HE is pleased to revive it by any means whatsoever, it will be matter of great thankfulness to the simple hearted followers of God : *and who can tell but he may make your beloved wife the instrument of doing this, and so confound the wisdom of the wise, and lay the pride and haughtiness of man in the dust.* We are all through infinite mercy tolerably well at present, bless the Lord ! We greatly want an outpouring of the Spirit. We greatly long to see the work of the Lord revive. My wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Pipe, unite with me in kindest love to you both ; and we unitedly pray that the Lord may be with, and abundantly bless you, and prosper his work in your hands.

I am affectionately your's, &c.

J. PAWSON.

On Wednesday, I rode to Maidstone, in Kent, where we had a gracious visit from the Lord : several trembled under a sense of the guilt of sin, and my soul rejoiced much to see conviction fly in all directions. O may I meet them at the right-hand of the throne of judgment, in the last day !

Maidstone, Thursday, March 24, 1803. Praise the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless, and praise his holy name ; He hath raised me up from the image of death once more, and again shed abroad his love in my heart. HE is mine, and I am HIS. Adored be thy name, O Father ! Son ! and Spirit ! that thou shouldst thus bless—and own—and honour—a worm. I again present to thee my *body, soul, and spirit,*

my husband, my all. Own and use us for thy glory. I am fully satisfied that our coming into *Kent* is for the glory of God, and the good of many souls. Prejudice, especially against the labours of females in the church of Christ, and more especially in our connexion, is flying away in all directions. This I have seen in every place; and who knows but I may live to hear of several pious women being raised up of God to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Lord hasten the time if it please thee! I have met with some who have been much drawn by the *Spirit of God* to active usefulness in his vineyard—and they have had many misgivings—and painful feelings for shunning the cross in neglecting what they are convinced the Lord requires at their hands.

On Friday, I returned to Sittingburn; from thence, I went to Canterbury; and on Saturday, I met Mr. Taft at Deal. On Sunday, we spent our day with much comfort and peace, and many felt the force of truth. On Monday morning, I went to Sandwich, and had a precious season in the evening: many were much blessed. On Tuesday night, I laboured at Easterby: several were alarmed, and some trembled much. On Thursday, Mr. Taft spoke at Minster, for Mr. Sykes,—and I spoke at Bishopsbourn on Friday: we had a large congregation, many wept. O the power of God to soften the hardest heart! Mr. T. preached at Margate on Friday evening: it was an awakening season; but the people here are some of them, I fear, wise above what is written,—while others are too much buried in the world. The Lord give them Mary's heart; they have many hinderances, and but few helps.

Sabbath, April 3, 1803. I spoke twice here

to a large, polite, and attentive people; they appeared to feel a little. O that God would revive his work of heart-felt religion, and primitive Methodism amongst them! Amen. Mr. Taft preached this day for Mr. Sykes, a few miles distance, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Mr. Sykes preached for Mr. Taft at Dover.

On Monday evening, he preached here again: many felt it a very good time. We returned to Dover, where I laboured on Friday evening; my own soul was much strengthened: this people have become very dear to me. O that we may praise the Lord all together in heaven!

From Mrs. Bate:—

Sittingburn, April 4, 1803.

MY VERY DEAR MRS. TAFT,

Last week, I have had the pleasure of hearing several expressing themselves with warm affection, and love to God and yourself, that once they were blind but now they see.—One good, sincere man joined us last sabbath, whose experience is very clear;—he is truly born of God,—and if he never see you more on earth, he will have reason to rejoice in eternity for a *woman preacher*.—The Duddington friends, I believe, pray for you night and day. I think, there are six or seven seals to your ministry there, and we believe there is a good work begun on the minds of many more: we expect three more will come to class. Friend Creed, Miss D.—, and some others, we expect will leave us shortly. Several are gone into eternity since you left us. O, my dear friend, that I had you near me to strengthen and help me, in visiting the sick and dying, and to strengthen and help my faith in God.

Your affectionate friend,

F. BATE.

* * * * *

About this time, I received the following letter from a son in the gospel, whom the Lord gave to my ministry, several years before, while labouring in the city of York. He was then a soldier in his majesty's service. He was afterwards drafted to *Deal*, and was an instrument in introducing Methodism into that place. He has now got his discharge, and resides in the Rye circuit:—

Ashford, April 5, 1803.

DEAR MRS. TAFT,

My heart and views towards you are the same as ever. I consider it a duty to speak of your usefulness, and have always done it since God converted my soul, through your instrumentality. I did this when there was no probability of my ever seeing you again in this world, or of telling you, that you were the means of my conversion to God. O my dear friend, while you were speaking and praying in York, it was to my soul as though I was on the borders of heaven, and not to me only, but to multitudes besides. I never shall forget York—Tadcaster, and Wetherby love-feasts; and the very many precious souls that assembled with me, to tell what the Lord had done for our souls, through your instrumentality. Bless his holy name, for bringing you into this part,—that the people may see and hear what I have so long asserted and mentioned about you. Do come with Mr. Cobb to Tenterdon, and I will meet you there. The people are all enquiring after you, and wish to know when you are coming.—My soul rejoices at your name being mentioned.—I oppose all that comes in my way, both preachers and people, that speak against you. Bless the Lord, I silence all when I begin to tell how you were the means of my conversion, and tell them of the love of God shed abroad in my heart. They see and confess it is the work of God. Had it not been of God, I should

not have continued *four* years when a soldier, and thank God, I continue to this day. The Lord bless you, and Mr. Taft,—and may you enjoy all that happiness I wish you. So prays

Your ever loving son in the Lord,

GEORGE LEES.

I spoke again in Dover, on the sabbath-day, April 10th, in the evening,—and Mr. T. preached twice.—The week following, we sought out the people from house to house, and entreated and warned some of them with tears; they were quickened, and our own souls much blessed.

Sabbath-day, 17th, I had a gracious season at Dover, in hearing twice, and labouring once: God was present, in his ordinances, among his people.—I feel very thankful for the privileges we enjoy of a religious nature,—more especially, for that of a preached gospel,—a privilege I cannot sufficiently prize, and for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful,—to sit under a heart-searching ministry of God's word, and to hear those who will deal faithfully with our precious souls,—who are determined to be clear of our blood. May the good Lord help me to treasure up his word in my heart, and bear more fruit to his glory! This week we were much blessed in the more private means of grace, and in visiting the people of God in this place.

On Saturday, April 23rd, Mr. T. accompanied me to Sandwich, and returned to Deal on Sunday morning, to preach. I laboured with all my heart, those words being particularly impressed upon my mind—“*Ye are not your own, but are bought with a price, &c.*”—and God be praised, his work is reviving a little here.

On Monday, I returned again to Deal to my dearer self, and endeavoured in the evening to

sound the gospel trumpet. Oh ! that this people may never forget the goodness of God to them.

On Tuesday, we returned again to Dover, and felt much of the power of God in going from house to house. I spoke once on the sabbath-day, and felt the Lord near to me in giving me strength according to my duty. To his name be all the glory. Out of perfect weakness he ordaineth strength.

On Wednesday, May 4th, I spoke again at Dover, and it was not in vain ; several individuals received particular good, and the people of God were in general much blessed.

On Saturday, the 17th, I rode with Miss R.— and Mr. C.— to Hamstreet, in the Rye circuit, and laboured at Buckingham on the sabbath morning : here, God was present to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive. At night, I spake at H——, to a large and attentive congregation : several were in great distress of soul, and a few cried out aloud for mercy. On the Monday, I laboured at Tenterdon : we had a good time. Glory be to God ! Mr. Pinder, and many friends from Rye, met me here, and we rejoiced together in God.—How soon the people of God get acquainted with one another ; they all speak the same language, and what a union of spirit subsists between the simple and sincere followers of our Lord Jesus Christ ! There are many praying, lively souls in this circuit ;—the Lord for ever bless them, and send them labourers after his own heart.

1803. I went again to Benenden, and had the happiness to find that those who were brought to God the time before, had stood fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, and several others had joined the society. I can truly say from my heart with the apostle John—“ *I have*

no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth." Glory be to God! many do to the present in Kent, and numbers in the north. I am happy to receive many letters from these; it rejoices my heart to hear from my children in the Lord, and never since I knew HIM, paid any money more freely than that which I pay for the postage of letters, especially those which give me an account of the work of the Lord prospering, and the prosperity of the souls of those who write them.

From Miss Wilson:—

Sinethwhite, May 25, 1803.

MY DEAR MRS. TAFT,

I received your kind letter, and was glad to hear you were well both in body and soul, and that the work of God continues to prosper in your hands. It seems to me that you are just in the way of providence: the Lord help you to labour on, and own, and crown your endeavours with abundant success. We go on but poorly here;—we cannot get the people to hear: we have good times among ourselves, but we want our neighbours with us. The Lord have mercy upon their precious souls! I can truly say, I long for their salvation. Glory be to God, I feel a clear title to heaven, and my soul thirsts to be more like Jesus Christ. *I feel more than ever determined to labour for the Lord:* he pays me good wages. Glory be to his name! I believe we shall yet rise! My brothers and sisters are all alive and labouring on. There seems the best prospect at Knaresborough.—Wetherby seems worse than ever. O pray for us, that the dry bones may begin to live and become a great army for Jesus. I think all our members are getting on in the heavenly way, and we have had some increase. Glory be to God! We have a good prospect at Walton. We are going to the love-feast at York on Tuesday;—they are expecting an amazing shower;—

the Lord send it, and baptize our every soul ! I know you will say, Amen. Well, my dear sister, *we will begin afresh, and labour more than ever in the best of causes.* I sometimes feel such a glory to rest upon my soul, such power with God, and such faith and love for sinners, as I think I never did. I am getting into a greater glory ; but it seems long before I am established in this glory. It is not the witness of sanctification I mean, but you know the glory I mean.—O tell me how to get rooted herein.—My love to Mr. T. Accept the same from your's,

ISABELLA WILSON.

On Tuesday, I had the happiness to labour at Biddington, at an old man's house, who found peace when I was here the time before. Numbers had taken knowledge of this grey-headed old man, that he had been with Jesus. We may say on this man's account,—

“ But Oh ! the power of grace divine,
In hymns we now our voices raise ;
Loudly in strange hosannahs join,
And blasphemies are turn'd to praise.”

This was a glorious time to many. Praise the Lord ! We returned to Tenterdon after the meeting ; and on Thursday, came to Woodchurch. Here, I was much blessed in hearing some pray in the prayer-meeting, who were brought to the knowledge of God the last time I was here. Oh ! that the Lord may keep them by his mighty power,—that they may be “ *steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.*”—On Friday, the 13th, I returned to Dover, to Mr. T. Praise the Lord, we are on our way to the kingdom !

On sabbath-day, the 15th, I assisted Mr. T. once : it was a precious season throughout. On

Wednesday evening, I spoke a little,—and on Friday, for my last time: the chapel was well filled, and many wept much, especially the young members of our society, and the new converts who had been brought to a knowledge of the truth this year. O may I meet these at the right hand of God! Amen. I could take this people to record, that I was clear of their blood. I trust, I shall ever endeavour by the grace of God to keep this in view. It was not man, nor the praise of man, which induced me to call sinners to repentance. I never did, and I hope I never shall pay much regard to their praise or dispraise,—to the smiles or frowns of breathing worms,—so that God's name may be glorified, sinners saved, and I be clear when God judgeth the world, having finished the work he called me to do.

On Saturday, Mr. T. accompanied me to Deal. I spoke to them on the sabbath-day; it was a day of power. Several of our dear friends from Dover followed us: we all felt that parting was amongst the disagreeables we are subject to in this wilderness state. O may we meet before the throne, and praise the Lamb among his blood washed throng, in nobler strains above for ever!

On Monday, I spoke for the last time at Sandwich; it was an affecting season. Praise the Lord for his infinite goodness to me, and to others! I went to Margate on Tuesday, May 21st, and spent the week in visiting the friends from house to house. Dear Mrs. G.—, from Sheerness, met me here. I spoke twice on the sabbath: the Lord was with us, and much fruit appeared. May it be like bread cast upon the water, to be found after many days. On the Monday morning, we took the coach at five o'clock for Canterbury, where we rested a little,

and went to Sheerness in the evening. On Tuesday, we visited the people from house to house. On Wednesday evening, I spoke to a crowded congregation: many were much affected, and the people of God were fed. Praise the Lord O my soul for his abundant care and love to me! We left Sheerness next morning, and sailed for Chatham. Here, Mr. T. and I parted for the present; he went to Dover, and I went to London, accompanied by Mrs. G.—, where we arrived in the evening. We spent a little time very agreeably and profitably with that dear man of God, and valuable minister of Jesus Christ, the Rev. Dr. Coke, at Mr. Pearson's. May the Great Head of the church reward this family for their kindness to me, a perfect stranger. If the Lord will not forget a cup of cold water given to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, surely he will not forget the abundant kindness of his followers to his pilgrim. Benevolence is a duty incumbent upon all.—“*Be not forgetful to entertain strangers,*” is the divine command.

From here, I wrote as follows:—

London, June 3, 1803.

MY DEAR MR. TAFT,

We arrived safe here at Mr. Pearson's last evening before nine o'clock. We had a good time in the coach,—very profitable conversation on the things of God,—passengers quite agreeable. I feel better than expectation. Bless the Lord for all his goodness to unworthy me! Mr. Brewer is *now* gone to take our places in the coach for Nottingham. I hope, my dear, you are safe arrived at Dover. We often conversed about you, and I very often prayed for you as we travelled along. The good Dr. Coke did not forget you at family prayer this morning. He *thanked me*

for the Sheerness collection. He is very friendly,—God bless him! He is near finishing his Commentary, This family are very affectionate and kind, and so is Mrs. Greathead;—I know not how I must leave her. My dear, I long to hear how you are in body and mind. Look to God in all things, and depend fully on him. Do not study too much, or write too long at a time. You are seldom at a distance from my thoughts, and never from the prayers of my heart. I rejoice that ever I saw you, and hope, I shall again see and be with you on earth and then in heaven. I am very happy, and fully saying,—“*Thy will be done.*” Bless the Lord O my soul! Pray on for me! I know God answers your prayers.

Your's,

M. TAFT.

On Saturday morning, I took coach about five o'clock, accompanied by my good friend, Mr. Brewer, from Margate. We arrived at Nottingham on sabbath-day morning, about six o'clock, the 5th of June. We then took chaise for father Taft's, who received us with all possible affection. I spoke at Stapleford in the evening, to a large congregation,—and on Monday evening, at Nottingham: several found peace with God afterwards in the prayer-meeting, and I rejoiced much to see my dear children in the Lord standing fast in the truth. O may we praise the Lord for ever! Surely—

“*Our days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, or thought, or being last,
Or immortality endures.*”

1803. I spoke on Wednesday, at Long Eaton,—and spent a very comfortable afternoon with dear father and mother Taft, and Mr. Brewer, at *Mr. Howitt's*: one soul found peace with God. After speaking in the evening, we

returned to Stapleford, where we met with my brother-in-law, Doctor Taft, who had come from his circuit partly for the purpose of meeting me here. The remembrance of his *tenderness, sympathy, and affection*, on this occasion, is deeply engraven on my heart; knowing my situation, that I soon expected to be confined, though I had already travelled near two hundred miles, and had yet to travel about one hundred miles further, to my mother, who lived at Colne, in Lancashire. He felt much for me, and gave me every needful advice and direction. On Friday, the Doctor accompanied me and Mr. Brewer in the coach as far as Sheffield, where we arrived in the afternoon. Here I saw many of my dear old friends. I then took coach for Leeds, where I met with my much-esteemed and highly valued friend, *Mr. Bramwell.*

* * * * *

On Monday, June 15th, I rode in a one-horse chair to Sturton, to see my old friends, who received me very affectionately, notwithstanding their former prejudices on account of my marriage. We rejoiced together, and praised the Lord for all his wonders of providence and grace! "*O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out.*"—Romans xi. 33. I returned again to Leeds the same evening, and heard Mr. Muff. On Tuesday morning, at six o'clock, I took coach for Bradford. Before I set off, Mr. Bramwell came early in the morning to Mr. Baisden's, where I lodged, and accompanied me to the coach. He said many things to persuade me to stop another day, and go with him to Mr. Burrow's. (He gave me some hints which surprised me, as I loved the Methodist connexion

next to my life.) This I could not accede to, knowing my situation;—but had I known all his views and intentions, I certainly should have consented, and in that case, might have been the means in the hand of the Lord, of preventing some of the painful circumstances which followed.

I felt much of the presence of the Lord as I rode this stage:—the driver was a man that feared God, and was united to his people. My dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. L.—, of Bradford, would have me go to breakfast with them. This family are my children in the Lord, and I hope will be my crown of rejoicing in the great day of God. My soul rejoiced much to find them in the way to the kingdom. Oh! that they may endure as seeing Him by an eye of faith, who is invisible to the eye of sense. After breakfast, Miss T. S.— accompanied me in a post-chaise to Colne, in Lancashire, where I met with my dear mother, and brothers, and sisters. Here I felt disposed to praise God for all his mercies, and could truly raise my Ebenezer and say, “*hitherto the Lord hath helped me.*”

This week, I was fully employed in seeing my dear old friends; Mr. and Mrs. Booth in particular, who were then stationed in the Colne circuit: we had some precious seasons together. O my soul, praise the Lord for all the blessings he hath conferred on such an unworthy creature!

On sabbath, June 19th, I heard Mr. Booth, and found my own soul much blessed. The beginning of this week, I felt very strong and remarkably well, but began to be rather poorly on Thursday evening. I was a little worse on Friday evening, and on Saturday morning, between one and two, was brought to bed of a girl. This was according to my faith; I always believed that I should not suffer as many do.

Though I was near three hundred miles from my dear Mr. Taft, yet I was quite resigned to the will of God, whether for life or death,—though I fully believed the Lord would raise me up again; for it passed through my mind continually that my work was not yet done. The Lord was very good to me during my confinement; and what very much strengthened my faith and increased my joy was—that I frequently heard from my partner, and found that the Lord was still with him, among the dear people who I had left at Dover.

I wrote to Mr. Taft, part as follows:—

Colne, Wednesday, 29th June, 1803.

MY DEAR LOVE,

I sit down with great pleasure to write you a few lines, to inform you of God's great goodness to unworthy me: I have been up a little every day—have dressed our dear Mary, for the first time—and nursed her a good deal to-day. She is much like her father, and very good—far better than her mother was, I believe. I rejoice to hear you intend to be here next Sunday fortnight—on more accounts than *myself* and the child. Mr. Booth has already published for you and my brother being here that day, and holding a love-feast, &c. &c. The people are for coming ten and fifteen miles distant. The leaders and stewards are for having you at Colne—if not this Conference, yet soon as possible. If you come by way of Bradford, enquire for Mr. Lee, dealer in wood, &c. the greatest part of the family are my children in the Lord. They will be glad to see you for my sake. I got breakfast there, and Mrs. Lee came with me to Colne. My love to all the classes, and to father and mother Eldridge, and all friends.

Your's, for ever,

M. TAFT.

Letter to Mr. Taft:—

Colne, July 10, 1803.

MY DEAR LOVE,

I have just received your's, for which I am truly thankful, and I must say,—“*verily, there is a God that revealeth secrets.*” I was awakened out of a sound sleep this morning by your telling me—that the Lord had stood by you, and that you had come through honourably. *I praised the Lord and believed.* But what a confirmation when I read your lines this morning. Glory for ever be to our God! No weapon formed against us will prosper, while we live near to God. O may our every breath be prayer and praise! Praise the Lord, I have had no hinderances, and am wonderfully recovered. Our folks say, I am bleached. I have been down stairs, and into different rooms. I hope to-morrow, or next day, to visit the neighbours. It has been published over and over for you to preach next sabbath—and to hold a love-feast with my brother, whom we expect in a day or two. My love to dear father and mother Taft. Lord bless them; they have sacrificed their all to God and his cause—in giving up their two sons to his work—who were *both* so well provided for in this world.—Their kindness to me I shall never forget. The Lord will reward them. Our dear little Mary has been pretty well. The Lord bless and bring you safe to Colne, where many will rejoice to see you, but *one* in particular more than all the world,—yea, much more. How good has the Lord been to us! We will give him glory, and again repeat his praise, and say, Amen.

Your's,

M. TAFT.

In about a month's time, I spoke again for God, in our own chapel at Colne. The following Lord's day I spent at Burnley, with my dear

husband and brother Barritt, who had come over to stop a few days, after their return from Manchester Conference. My husband preached here at noon, and I laboured at night: it was a day to be remembered for good by many. The sabbath-day following, Mr. Taft preached at Colne: it was a precious day to us and to many others.

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My husband attended the Conference at Manchester, and from thence came to me here. We felt desirous to be removed, on account of being nearer our relations; but for fear of doing wrong, we consented to return to Dover, if the Conference judged proper. Our stewards and leaders sent the following letter to the preacher who was the representative of the preachers of the London district to the Conference:—

“ The interest of the Redeemer’s kingdom, particularly among the Methodists, has been at a very low ebb here for many years. When it pleased the merciful providence of God to send Mr. and Mrs. Taft here, we had three classes, and about fifty or fifty-five names among us; one of these (who had not met in class for half a year before Mr. T. came) has since left us, two have been cut off, about eight or ten left the place, and one has died happy in the Lord.—It pleased the Lord, through the indefatigable labours of his servants, to revive his work in the quickening of his people—restoring discipline—and by an increase of hearers. Mr. T. proposed at the leaders’ meeting, to form a penitent class; we agreed to it—it has been made a blessing to many souls. In a few months there were twenty in it—fourteen of these obtained justification by faith.—It was proposed that Mrs. Taft should meet the single woman alone; she did so, and that class consist now of sixteen. Afterwards, another class was formed, consisting of ten or twelve persons, and there now remain eleven in the penitent class.—Mr. Taft is universally received and highly esteemed by our hearers and mem-

bers; and Mrs. T. also, with the exception of about three persons.—Now, dear Sir, we wish these honoured instruments of the Lord to be continued among us another year.—The revival has been gradual—and the prospect of good still increases; but we have other reasons why we think Mr. Taft should continue among us—we have it in contemplation to make some improvement in the chapel by way of enlarging it, and of adopting measures to lessen the debt; now it cannot be supposed that a stranger can have that knowledge or influence with the people as Mr. Taft.—&c.

We are, &c.

D. WHITE, *Leader.*

W. MANGER.

WM. ELDRIDGE, *Steward & Leader.*

W. CHANDLER, *Steward.*”

I understand, our friends at Dover defeated their own purposes, by urging their request to the Conference in language too strong and positive.

On Tuesday, August 16, 1803, we left Colne, accompanied by my brother and sister Barritt and family, to Epworth, in Lincolnshire, to which we were appointed by Conference. We arrived at Snaith, in Yorkshire, (which was a part of our circuit,) on Friday afternoon. My brother preached, and went forward for Epworth next morning. On Saturday night, Mr. Taft preached here; and on sabbath-day morning, I spoke a little,—but this place is very low and languid indeed, as touching spiritual things. Oh! that they may rise out of the dust! On sabbath afternoon, Mr. Taft preached at Rawcliff, and at night at Swinefleet: I prayed afterwards, and spoke a few words to the society,—but the people could hardly believe their eyes or ears, and there

was a whispering among the people to know who it was that was praying and speaking among them. The reason of this was, that a report had reached them some time ago, and had (as I afterwards found) been circulated many hundreds of miles,—that, I had died in child-bed.

On Monday, we came to Epworth, as we had no regular plan of the circuit with us. Here, I met with several who had been praying for years that the Lord would send me among them.

On Tuesday night, I spoke to many attentive hearers: my constant cry was—"Lord, if thou hast sent us hither, own us, for Christ's sake." Mr. Taft preached the night following, and the day after, we returned to the other end of the circuit. On sabbath-day, I spoke at Snaith, and Mr. T. at Rawcliff. At night, I laboured at Swinefleet. This was a good day. Praise the Lord! the hearts of many felt his mighty power. On Monday, Mr. Taft preached at Whitgift: it was a good season. On Tuesday night, I spoke at Adlingfleet: the power of God was made known to many. Glory be to God! he healed some souls who had of late been trifling. On Wednesday, Mr. Taft preached at Garthorpe, on the duty of *Self-examination*; the word was applied with power to most of those who were present. Praise the Lord for a heart-searching ministry of his word! On Thursday night, I spoke a little at Luddington, but it was a barren time: the people seemed very hard; there was a cause for this which we did not then know. O that the Lord may remove the

"—— hind'rances out of the way,

And soften each unyielding clay,

And melt it into love!

On Friday, we came to Owston-ferry: the Lord was good, and helped Mr. Taft to labour with all his heart: the people received the word with joy. This has been an highly-favoured spot. O that they may improve their opportunities, that they perish not after all. Amen.

September 3. We came again to Epworth. On sabbath-day morning, Mr. T. went to Crowle. I laboured at Epworth in the afternoon,—and by particular request, spoke on the occasion of the death of Mrs. Wilkinson, who had been a valuable member of our society: it was a time not to be forgotten by many. Oh! that the little seed sown may produce a blessed crop; indeed, we have already heard of several souls who are now happy, and who received their first awakenings at this time. I trust, others will rest no more till they obtain mercy. All glory be to God! I feel particularly enlarged towards this place and people, knowing that this was the place of the nativity of our ever to be remembered father in the gospel—Mr. John Wesley.—Mr. Kilham's division has been a serious stroke to the prospects of the work among us in this place; it has indeed, too much separated chief friends,—husbands and wives, parents and children,—so that there are but few left among us who have borne the burden and heat of the day. O that the Lord may raise up and build his church here more abundantly. Praise God! we have already a pleasing prospect of this,—which makes my heart cry out in the language of the poet,—

“ Lo the promise of a shower,
Drops already from above,
But the Lord will shortly pour,
All the spirit of his love.”

1803. On Wednesday, September, I went with my husband to Wroot,—but did not feel for them as I felt for the Epworth people, though some are truly alive to God: we have this hope concerning them, that God heareth prayer. On Thursday, Mr. Taft preached at West-Woodside, they are very low here, but that power which raised the dead, can bring them forward. On Friday, the Lord was with us at Ferry: we had a large congregation, and many appeared to feel. This place has never risen fully since Mr. W.—withdrew himself,—though we have many steady, pious friends, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and are desirous for the Lord to revive his work, and are willing to submit to it any way, or by what means or instruments it may please him to make use of. The cry of my soul is—

“ Come Lord from above,
The mountain remove,
Overturn all that hinders the course of thy love.”

On sabbath-day, I laboured at Birnham, in the morning; it was a glorious season: some wept aloud, and many felt the mighty power of God. The cause of religion has been very fluctuating in this place, and at Epworth. O that they may now rise to fall no more! Mr. T. preached at Epworth, and at Belton in the evening: the Lord blessed his labours. I had a good time while speaking at Epworth, and felt my faith and love much increased towards this place and people. O for that faith that cannot ask in vain! Surely, I feel a little, and wait for more.

On Tuesday, I spoke at Derrythorpe, to more than could get in: the Lord is among this people; there are about eighteen happy souls,

many of whom praise God—that they ever saw and heard the despised colliers. O that the Lord may continue to work, and enlighten the minds of the dark,—for surely, these have been like heathens in many respects.

On Friday, I spoke at Amcotts, to a large congregation, but did not feel the liberty I wished. We slept at the house of one of the friends of God,—who informed us, that both he and his dear departed wife had much cause to rejoice they ever saw that man of God, William Moseby.

September 17. We rode to Swinefleet. I spoke in the morning, and Mr. T. in the evening: we had precious seasons; the people are very lively. This is the place, concerning which Mr. Wesley makes such honourable mention in his journal. In one place (I think he says), they are the most gentleman-like farmers he ever met with,—but this is not all that might be said:—our good friend, Mr. Laverick, built a chapel at his own expense, and laboured in it occasionally himself, as a local preacher; but in a few years afterwards, this place being too small, they pulled it down, and built a new one,—two or three times larger than the former one, which we have crowded with people on a sabbath-day evening; and truly, the glory of the latter house far exceeds that of the former. There is another circumstance which ought to be recorded, for the credit of this place—they have no lock upon the chapel door, and have never had any occasion for one since it was erected. We afterwards rode on to Rawcliff, where Mr. T. preached a little after one o'clock; it was a good season. This chapel was built by faith, in an astonishing manner,—by dear Mrs. Ward (now in glory),—some account of whose life and death ought long

since to have been published to the world, but her record is on high. I laboured here in the evening, and Mr. T. went on to fulfil his appointment at Snaith. We had the chapel well filled; but the people at first appeared as if their only motive was to see me, and to satisfy a vain curiosity,—yet, I was convinced the greater part, before we had done, felt the mighty power of God.

On Tuesday, September 20th, I spoke at Newland, and hope not in vain. There are a few in this place who live in the prospect of a better country, and these are particular friends to God's dear ministers and people.

Wednesday, 21st. We rode to Templehurst, where I spoke in the evening. There are not many wise, nor rich, nor mighty called; in general, God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise;—yet, bless the Lord! there are a few exceptions, and this family is one. Praise the Lord! his presence was with us of a truth,—there are some appearances of good beaming forth in this neighbourhood,—and we hope the Lord will do greater things than these. We admit, that leaves of profession will not do,—that appearances of good will not satisfy the Lord of the vineyard;—he expects *fruit* from all the trees which are planted in his vineyard;—we nevertheless expect leaves, and blossoms, and buds, *before* the fruit appear:—we ought therefore to be thankful for such appearances,—and if we are possessed of that charity which hopeth and believeth all things, we shall judge favourably from all appearances of good, and think (much less believe) no evil where none appeareth.

On Thursday, September 22, we rode to Baln. The enemy has sifted this people as wheat. Oh!

that the Lord may preserve the sincere, and cause his face to shine on this dull corner of his vineyard. On Friday, we went to Gowdall, where the Lord has a few who love him in sincerity;—but Oh! for more life and love, and a greater spread of divine grace in this place. Mr. Taft preached at Snaith on Saturday night: it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; many felt the force of truth. I spoke on sabbath-day morning: the chapel was well filled: many wept,—and several, in the after meeting, found peace with God. This place remains very low and dull; those who received good came, for the most part, out of the country. At night, I spoke in the Methodist chapel at Thorne, which is in the Doncaster circuit,—having previously received an affectionate letter of invitation from Mr. Hickling, who then laboured in that circuit. We had a crowded house, and many tears were shed. The Lord is with this people, after all the injury which *schism* has done among them. I rested at Thorne on Monday, the 26th, and was at the prayer-meeting in the evening, where one man found peace with God. On Tuesday, the 27th, the friends sent for me to Bomlydown: the Lord was with us of a truth; many felt the mighty power of God,—and the next morning, three or four were brought into liberty. I trust, these are such as will be found of him in peace at last. I felt my own soul particularly blessed among this poor dear people. On my way to Epworth, I spoke again at Thorne, and had a good season. Praise the Lord, for strength of body and mind to do his work! I respect this people highly, and hope to meet them in a better world. On Friday, one of our dear friends accompanied me to Epworth: we had a comfortable journey, and

rejoiced in the Lord as we rode along, saying—

“ And if our fellowship below,
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!

On Sabbath-day, October 2, 1803, I spoke at Epworth again, felt much for the precious souls of the people, and was much blessed in my own soul while speaking. Oh! that God may give me the desire of my heart on this dear people! There are numbers here who feelingly praise the Lord, from a sense of his goodness towards them.

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About this time, I received the following letter from Mr. George Thompson, travelling preacher:—

Inverness, October 20, 1803.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,

May grace, mercy, and peace be the blessed portion of you and your's. No doubt, you will be surprised at receiving a letter from one unknown to you. I am a person whom you may have heard of when at *Cockermouth*,—being there awakened ——— at the house of Mr. George Bow, my father-in-law, when you were there. It was some months after this, before I could conclude in my heart to give myself wholly up to God—but after a variety of trials, of different kinds, I at length joined the Methodists, and am now become a preacher in their connexion.—*I have reason to praise God, that he ever brought you into Cumberland, to make you a messenger of good to me.* May God be your guide unto death, is the prayer of

Your son in the gospel,

GEORGE THOMPSON.

On Tuesday, October 4th, I went with Mr. T. to Beltoft. Here are some who have heard the word for many years, but I fear to little benefit. Bless the Lord, however, there are a few who love him in sincerity. The fear of man bringeth a snare. Oh! that God may deliver this people from it.

On Wednesday, we rode again to Wroot, and met with the clergyman of Fillingham, and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Powel. These are two of the friends of Emmanuel, who, I dare say, can make that appeal both to God and man, which Mr. Fletcher does to the inhabitants of the parish of Madeley, and to the world at large, in his Preface to the “Appeal to matter of fact and common sense,” where he declares, he “*had rather impart truths, than receive tithes.*” Oh! that all the clergymen in our land were of such a mind. Glory be to God for a few, yea, for a considerable number, of this stamp. May the Lord speedily increase the number! for,

“ ———Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav’n,
Red with uncommon wrath; to blast the man
Who gains his fortune from the blood of souls?”

We had a good time this evening; Mr. and Mrs. Powel prayed afterwards,—and we rejoiced and were glad in him whom angels worship.

On Thursday, we rode to West-Woodside. I spoke, while many wept, and some were much comforted. Oh! that the Lord may remove every hinderance out of the way, and carry on his work of grace more speedily, for his mercies’ sake! Amen.

On Friday, we were at Ferry, where Mr. Taft preached. I believe the people felt with me, that it was good to be there.

About this time, I saw a letter from Mr. Joseph Sutcliffe, to Miss Drury, of Doncaster, from which I transcribe the following sentence: "*I am fully persuaded—that St. Paul's arguments against the praying, &c. of women in public, are founded on the custom of the Oriental nations,—not to admit the mixed companies of men and women on any occasion, excepting only among their own kindred,—consequently, so far as European manners deviate from the Oriental, the force of these arguments are inapplicable to us.*"

On Sabbath, October 9th, I spoke at Owston-Ferry, about nine o'clock: I felt the Lord particularly present and precious; his arm was made bare. We had a love-feast afterwards; many spoke, and praised God aloud. Glory be to his adorable name, surely this place will rise, if the people be faithful!

In the afternoon, Mr. T. preached at Epworth,—and I spoke at Belton in the evening, to a crowded house. The people seemed quite amazed, and I trust some little good was done. O that the Lord may pour out his Spirit in this neighbourhood, and save the inhabitants from eternal ruin. Mr. T. preached at Epworth on Monday night: the melting power of God attended his message, and many hearts were praying for success.

On Tuesday, the 11th, I rode with Mr. T. to Derrythorpe, where I endeavoured to explain to them the nature of godly fear. On Wednesday, we went to Mr. Fowler's, of Gunhouse, where we had a precious season among the dear people. The Lord is with them, though some have lately forsaken them, Demas-like, having loved the present evil world.

On Saturday, we rode to Crowle, where I

spoke on the sabbath-day, for the first time. Here I remained till Wednesday, October 19th, and had some precious seasons: the awakening power of God came down among the people. One woman cried out aloud in one of the prayer-meetings, and soon found peace with God, in a glorious manner.

From this place I wrote to Mr. Taft, as follows:—

Crowle, Wednesday, 14th, 1803.

MY DEAR MR. TAFT,

I cannot omit this opportunity of informing you, I am yet where you left me, and cannot tell whether I can get home to-morrow or not,—for I cannot get till they please to carry me, and they will scarce hear me on that subject. If it continue to thaw, I beg to go to-morrow,—but they will not promise me. However, bless the Lord, I am well!—and Mary-Ann, we think, grows wiser, and prettier every day. Thus much for temporal things.—The night you left us, many came to Mr. Scotchburn's. I spoke to them as a class; they spoke freely: it was a good time.—Last sabbath, I spoke to the people, morning and evening. The chapel was well filled in the morning, and crowded more than ever in the evening. It was said, that more than one hundred went away who could not get in. The Lord was powerfully present both times: many wept, got much blessed, and more fully saved. On Monday, we went from house to house,—and yesterday morning, at one house, the Lord opened many mouths in prayer, and some were made to rejoice in God their Saviour. Last night, I met them again, and took down the names of those who were willing to cast in their lot among us, and meet in class. Fifteen came forwards, to form a new class for brother W. Chapman; and the enquiry of many more is,—“What must I do to be saved?” *One young man gave in his name, who was awakened the last night you preached here.* I can-

not tell half the good that is doing here.—It was such a time, last night, as I never saw before in this circuit: some praying,—some crying aloud,—and some praising God. I have to speak again to-night;—the Lord help me;—may it be a powerful time! My dear, I hope the Lord has taken care of you this cold weather, and abundantly blessed your labours. God grant we may have much cause to rejoice when we meet again, which will be next week, please God. If I cannot leave here till sabbath-day, they will carry me to Bilton, according to promise.

Your's, most affectionately,

M. TAFT.

On Wednesday, I rode to Templehurst, but stopped a little at Rawcliff, and held a prayer-meeting. Here, I met with a woman who had got awakened when we were here before, and soon after found peace with God. This evening, I spoke at Mr. Smith's, of Temple, where four young ladies from a neighbouring village came to meet us: two of them went away, praising God, that he had blotted out all their transgressions. Oh! that the Lord may save them to the end! I rested at Temple on Thursday, and laboured at Gowdall on Friday evening: it was a glorious season, and my soul felt much of the power of God.

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On sabbath-day morning, I spoke at Snaith: many, from different parts of the neighbourhood, were under conviction,—and some found peace with God; it was a time of great good. At noon, Mr. T. preached at Rawcliff, and rode on to Swinefleet. I stopped, and spoke in the evening, at Rawcliff, to a crowded congregation: many wept, and felt the power of God. On

Monday, I preached again at Newlands, and the Lord was with us to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive. On Tuesday, I spoke at Snaith; the chapel was full of attentive hearers. The inhabitants of this place appear naturally to be very proud and high-minded,—but the grace of God can humble, and bring them down to his feet, when nothing else can. May the good Lord work an effectual change, for his mercies' sake!

On Wednesday, October 26th, I laboured at *Thorne*, for the third time,—and felt the Lord very precious. Surely, the Lord intends to do great things in this place!

“ Oh! for that faith which conquers all,
And doth the mountains move;
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.”

On Thursday, I returned to Epworth. On Friday, Mr. T. came in, and we rejoiced together for the Lord's goodness to us, during our absence from each other.

On Sabbath-day, the 30th, I spoke at Epworth, the fifth time. Praise the name of the Lord,—he is beginning to prepare the hearts of the people, we trust, for a great work! O for power with God to prevail for the people! My soul travails in birth for them till Christ be formed in many more hearts! Mr. G.—, and the stewards of Retford, were so kind as to invite Mr. T. and myself to preach occasionally in their circuit. We went accordingly to Misterton, accompanied by father Taft, where we spent a blessed day among the people. Praise the Lord, I trust some fruit will still remain! On Monday, we returned to Epworth. Our dear brother, Doctor Taft, came from Thorne, and preached

at night: it was a time to be remembered for great good to many. Oh! that the Lord may continue to work, and own the labours of his sent servants! This was a gracious week to me. The sabbath-day following, I began a new class, with our dear Hester, my servant-girl,—and another young woman. Some of our friends did not seem to approve of my attempt to form a new class,—but wished me to meet with them, in order to unite those who were brought in, should the Lord continue to revive his work, in the classes already formed,—as some of them were but small, and badly attended. The oldest class-leader, a pious man of God, wished me to relinquish the idea of beginning a class with so small a number as three, and invited me to meet in his;—I told him to take care of his own, and I would seek for fresh ones. He has since acknowledged the propriety of my conduct in this particular.

About this time, I received a very affectionate letter from Mr. Hainsworth, inviting me to go to Gainsborough, and giving me full liberty to preach in any part of his circuit.

November 13th. I spoke again at Epworth: after the prayer-meeting was concluded, I informed those, upon whose minds the Lord had evidently begun to work, of my intentions of forming a class for penitents, and beginners. The sabbath following, we had five; the Lord was present. I spoke again at Epworth, from these words, which were particularly impressed upon my mind—“*The axe is laid at the root of the trees, &c.*”—it was a time of conviction, and the Lord continued to work powerfully in the prayer-meeting.

November 29th. I went to Owston-Ferry, where I spoke on the sabbath, to a large con-

gregation; the Lord was with us. I spent some precious days among this people.

December 3rd, we went to Crowle. I spoke at night, and in the morning,—and again on the Sunday evening; they were truly times of weeping,—some for sorrow,—others for joy. “*They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.*” Praise the Lord, O my soul! I felt great liberty here on Thursday night: many were present, and some were much affected.

On Sabbath, December 11th, I spoke again both morning and evening:—at noon, one of our local preachers preached: it was a day to be remembered by some. On the Thursday following I had a good time, and the awakening power of God was present. On the week days, I visited them from house to house,—and exhorted some of them with tears to leave their sins, and turn to God.

Sabbath-day, December 18th. I laboured morning and evening, as before: it was a blessed season; several were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. The latter end of the week, I returned again to Epworth;—I should have left sooner, but for the severe weather—judging, it would not be prudent to remove with my little child. In this, the Lord was wise and gracious, for during this visit near twenty souls received evident good, and were desirous to unite with the people in christian fellowship. When I got back to Epworth, I did not find the people going forward quite so well as I expected;—I felt, and wept, and prayed much for them. I spoke again to many hearers, and felt much of the power and presence of God;—I felt as though my soul was almost in an agony for the salvation of others. I can indeed adopt the language of the Psalmist, as applicable to my

feelings for his church and cause—" *If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning ; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.*"—Psalm cxxxvii. 5, 6. This week, I spent principally in seeking up souls, and found myself much blessed in so doing.

January 1, 1804. I spoke again to a large congregation, from—" *Is it well with thee,*"—and saw several much affected: we continued a prayer-meeting, and two men, from Belton, found peace with God. The week following, I was much engaged with God both in public and private, for the revival of his work here. The last night being new-year's eve, we had a watch-night, which continued till the new year commenced. It was a time to be remembered for good to many. My dear brother, Mr. John Barritt,—and my husband, were much assisted. Indeed, we are all, most affectionately united,—and as there is no difference in sentiment upon the subject of female exertions in the cause of God, we have not a jarring string. *It seems as if preachers, leaders, stewards, trustees, members, and hearers, were all of one mind on this subject.* Surely, the work of the Lord will prosper!

January 8th. We had a small increase to our class,—several sincere seekers after God. While speaking, I was much blessed, and saw some brought to a knowledge of the truth.—This week, my soul was encouraged by them who love and serve the Lord; and at the latter end of it, I went to Ferry, where I had a blessed season, and saw some brought to God. O that I could praise the Lord a thousand times better than I have ever yet done! God help

me, for thou art the portion of my soul ;—thou art my all, and in all !

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January 22nd. I spoke at Epworth, with some power, from—" *Ye are not your own, but bought with a price, &c.*"—the word forced its way to the hearts of the people, and many of them were much affected. This week, I visited several who were seeking the Lord.

My husband received a letter from an aged travelling preacher, chiefly with a design to encourage me in my work, but that part of it for obvious reasons is not printed.

January 21, 1803.

DEAR BROTHER,

Mr. Blackborne left a few lines at my house, signifying, that he could not find Mr. Mather's letter ; but on a second search, he informs me that he has found and forwarded it to you. —————

The times are very cloudy. However, I am confident the French cannot hurt us without a commission from God.—My faith seems to say,—"*Be ye not terrified,—let not your hearts be afraid.*" I mourn for the sins of the land. We do not seem to understand the way of heaven with guilty nations. However, we have yet the sea, and a gracious providence, between us and our enemies. "*The just shall live by faith.*" You will probably have heard that Thomas Richardson died at Dominica on the 9th of October last. His course was short, but very glorious. The Lord prepare us to follow. Love to Mrs. Taft.

I am affectionately your's,

* * * * *

On Sunday, I spoke again at Epworth with great freedom, from—" *The end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer.*" The people were much crowded, but they appeared still at night, except a few sighs and groans. Surely, the Lord will give me souls. It is the salvation of souls for which I pray, and live, and labour.

January 29th was a blessed day: Oh! that I may not forget it! and again in the evening, when the Lord constrained some to cry out for mercy. Several were brought to God this week, and my class continues to increase.

February 5th. While speaking, the Lord was eminently present. I went, this week, from house to house. On Thursday evening, in what we call Lower Epworth, I had a gracious season; three or four young girls cried out for mercy,—and two of them found peace with God. All glory be to God and the Lamb for ever! my soul says, Amen.

From hence, I wrote to Mr. Taft, as follows:—

Epworth, February 20, 1803.

MY DEAR LOVE,

Finding a letter can be at Snaith to-morrow, at noon, I gladly embrace a moment to write to you.—Mary-Ann's pox has not took effect, while Miss Storry's has. How can we account for this? Thank God, we are all well. I spoke at Birnham last night; many wept, and some could rejoice in the Lord. We had four more to our class last sabbath,—and I expect three more the next. Praise the Lord,—souls still get pardoned here, nearly every day. But what will they say here to your plan? I dare not tell them one word about it,—yet whatever you believe, may be for the best; my will submits, and I hope my better

judgment will hereafter see it right. Lord direct you in all things for his glory!—Mary-Ann shouts more than ever; surely, she will be a singer. Take care of yourself,—and the Lord make you, a thousand times, more useful—prays

Your's, for ever,

MARY TAFT.

February 12, 1804. I held a meeting at Belton; some old sinners were cut to the heart, and wept much. I returned home in the evening, rejoicing—that the Lord Jehovah was my strength, and my song, and had become my salvation. Oh! that I may live to love and serve God, a thousand times better than I have ever yet done. I felt much of the glory of my Redeemer resting on me, while I was engaged in finding out some of the poor and needy. O that they may be God's peculiar care! Blessed be God, the poor have the gospel preached to them in its purity.

On Sabbath, February 19th, I laboured again at Epworth: we had a praying, weeping season, many hearts were much affected. On Thursday evening, I spoke again at Belton: the little chapel was crowded, and several cried aloud for mercy: two or more obtained peace with God. I returned home, rejoicing in the God of my salvation. O that I may meet these with joy before the Judge of all! Amen.

February 26th. I spoke again at Epworth, from—“*The Lord added to his church daily such as should be saved,*” with much power: many were alarmed,—some felt that the Lord had power on earth to forgive sins,—and many of the believers were much strengthened, and felt their want of purity of heart. My class,

which begun with three, besides myself, was now more than twenty,—and the greatest part of them enjoyed a sense of the divine favour. About this time, I also formed a class of young women, or rather girls; we have twelve or more in this class, several of whom are not only awakened, but feel peace with God, through Jesus Christ. Oh! that they may stand, and after having done all, stand fast in the faith of the gospel! On Thursday night, I spoke again at the lower end of the town—and felt, while describing the true Israel of God, that the God of Israel was present,—but more so, in prayer, afterwards. Indeed, the power of God was so abundantly present, that I could only shout—Glory! The whole place seemed filled with the spirit and power of God. The cries of those in distress, overpowered my voice, and the voices of others engaged in prayer for them. Dear brother Saxton prayed, and stopped a little, and prayed again: three or four, that we knew of, found the Lord to save from the guilt of sin. My full heart cried out—

“ Let such amazing love as this
Be publish'd all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degree,
And worthy of a God.”

On Saturday morning, March 3, Mr. T. took me to Snaith, where I spoke on sabbath morning, with some liberty;—but, O Lord, what can be done for this people?—they might seem to belong to some other country—somewhere in the frigid zone, on which the sun scarcely ever shines. Oh! that the Sun of Righteousness would shine upon them with his benign and heavenly influences,—and warm and melt the frozen hearts!

I spoke at Rawcliff on Monday night: the people here, are in a better state, and begin to feel more and more after God. I hope the death of our dear sister Ward, will prove the life of many more. She was a pious, holy woman: in her, the graces of the Spirit of God shone with peculiar lustre,—particularly, patience and resignation under a great weight of affliction. She read her bible twice through, upon her knees, before God, with much prayer and self-examination. Oh! that I may follow her as she followed Christ!

On Tuesday, I laboured at Newland, at our dear valuable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes;—it was a good time. I rested with them that week, and found it profitable for myself and others.

On Sabbath, March 11th, I spoke again at Snaith, in the morning,—and at Rawcliff in the evening: this was a day to be remembered. Praise the Lord, several felt his converting grace! —On Monday, we kept a band-meeting; it was a precious season: many new members got their mouths opened, and spoke for God. On Tuesday, I preached at Cowick: the Lord was with us, and I trust some good was done. Let all the glory be ascribed to God! If there be any good done, it is the Lord that doeth it,—and he is worthy of all the praise! On Friday evening, I laboured again at Gowdall, and had a blessed time. Thanks be to God!

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March 18, 1804, I spoke at Snaith: several felt the presence of God,—especially some from Rawcliff, where I was in the evening. Praise the Lord, O my soul,—and forget not all his benefits! On Monday, Mr. Taft, myself, and some others, went to Arming, where the Lord

has lately begun a good work. Some of the most respectable people in the town are well affected towards religion, and receive the messengers of the Lord into their houses. I believe this was a time to be remembered for good to many.

On Tuesday, we rode to Carlton: there were many to hear, but their behaviour seemed rather wild and disorderly. I understood, some of them were Papists, there being many hereabouts:—however, there are a few sincere, pious souls even here. Oh! that the Lord may remember this place, and answer the prayers of the faithful! On Wednesday, we went to Temple, where I addressed the people with much freedom. All glory be to God!—he is working in this part of his vineyard also; but Oh! for a mighty shower!

On Thursday, Mr. Taft preached at Baln; and I at Mr. T.—'s, on Friday: the Lord was with us of a truth; several appeared to be in distress for their soul's salvation, and one was enabled to praise the Lord for his forgiving love. On Saturday, we returned again to Snaith. I spoke in the morning: we had a good season; three or four found peace with God,—and again at night. I rested on Monday; and on Tuesday, a friend came for me from Selby, where I continued till Friday, the 30th, and spoke twice. I found it good to be among my old friends: several felt the healing and restoring grace of God. On Friday, I held a meeting at Gowdall, with much satisfaction to myself, and I believe some benefit to others.

* * * * *

April 1, 1804, I spoke at Snaith: it was a time of refreshing as from the presence of the

Lord. At night, I was with our dear friends at Rawcliff; it was a good time: one woman cried out aloud, and found peace with God. On Tuesday, the Lord was with us at Newland: it was a blessed season to many; the power of God rested on the people. For ever be his name adored! On Wednesday, I returned to Mr. Mallinson's, of Snaith, to Mr. Taft, who was very poorly in body. He had a violent cough, which we have reason to believe, was partly occasioned by his sleeping in two beds which were not very dry. What a pity it is that persons are not more careful in this particular. I am afraid that many preachers suffer much from this cause. It would be much better, if persons would occasionally use, what are called, their spare beds,—or put them upon, or under, the beds which are slept on every night.

On Friday evening, accompanied by some of our friends, I rode to Pollington, to supply my husband's lack of service. I had a very large congregation, to which I spoke with much freedom: many were in tears, and some could rejoice in God their Saviour.

April 8th, I was again at Snaith, and felt the Lord to help me much, though I was much affected on account of my dear husband being now laid aside from God's work;—my cry was,—"Lord, spare him, if for thy glory, and may we both profit by this affliction."—Amen. In the evening, at Rawcliff, I endeavoured to enforce upon them their work for eternity. May the Great Head of the church give his blessing! On Tuesday, we set off for Epworth,—and on Wednesday, for Nottinghamshire, where we arrived safe on Thursday night. Mr. Taft was very sick most of the way, and coughed much. We spent more than six weeks

at our father Taft's, before Mr. T. was able to take his stand again on the gospel field. I spoke to the people at Stapleford,—Long Eaton,—Draycott,—and Sandyacre, and found the Lord precious to my own soul, and doing good to others. Praise God, I had another opportunity of seeing some of my dear children in the Lord, who continue to stand fast! May they be kept faithful!

* * * * *

May 25th, we returned again to Epworth; the people received us almost as though we had been raised from the dead. I believe, the Lord had heard and answered their unceasing cries for us, particularly for my dear partner. Praise the Lord, for all his goodness to me and mine! We both preached at Epworth on the sabbath-day, and had a season not to be forgotten: the hearts of many seemed to dance for joy, to find my husband thus restored to them. We had blessed times in visiting the people, and we rejoiced together that God had kept them from falling.

June 3rd. I preached at Epworth twice, and felt the Lord to answer prayer. Oh! that the work of God may never be hindered in this place! the Lord prevent it for his name's sake!

On Wednesday, we rode to Temple,—and on Thursday, to my good old friend, Mr. Allen's, of Church Fenton. They sent out among their neighbours, and got a good congregation. Mr. T. preached to us, and many were much affected. Glory be to God for ever! On Friday, we rode to Tanfield, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, where I found several of my children in the gospel doing well. Oh! that they may continue to stand fast, and after having done all, to stand. Amen.—Mr. T. preached in the morning, and I spoke at

night: it was a precious day to many; I could truly say with the poet—

“ How happy are we,
Who in Jesus agree,
To expect his return from above;
We sit under his vine,
And delightfully join,
In the praise of his excellent love.”

On Monday morning, we set off for Wetherby, accompanied by two of our dear friends in Jesus. They came with us to Boroughbridge, and then, after refreshing ourselves altogether, our friends, with tears, took their leave of us, and we rode on. We had not gone above a mile, when on looking back, we saw our two friends coming after us; they had concluded to go with us to Wetherby,—for they wanted more religion, and were in hopes of getting it that night. We had a good time in conversation all the way, and got to Mr. B.—’s in the afternoon. Mr. T. preached at Wetherby that evening,—and afterwards, we had a prayer-meeting: both of our friends obtained the blessing they were thirsting after, and left us about eleven o’clock that evening to go home. On Tuesday morning, Mr. B.— went with us to Mr. J. W.—’s, where we breakfasted, and Mr. W. afterwards accompanied us to York. We dined at Mr. Blackbourne’s, of Lufforth, and then rode on to Mr. A.—’s, of Fenton,—where I spoke to a barnful of people, many of whom felt much of the power of God. Praise his holy name! On Wednesday, we came to Mr. S.—’s, of Temple, to dine,—and then rode on to Reedness, where a congregation was waiting for us. I spoke a little, but felt much wearied with my journey: many were affected. On Thursday, I spoke at Addlingfleet, and had

a precious time. The Lord is among this people; they are truly alive.

June 15th, I laboured at Ferry with much liberty,—but this people seem slow of heart to believe even what the Lord Jesus Christ has said.

June 17th, I spoke at Crowle to a large congregation, where the Lord was present to raise the hearts of the people. This is a highly favoured spot: they have two acceptable and useful local preachers, which is a great privilege to the church of God; but there are also many deists,—yea, some avowed infidels, who laugh at, and ridicule those things which are sacred and divine. May the Lord have mercy upon them, before iniquity proves their everlasting ruin!

June 18th, we returned to Epworth, and had a gracious season in speaking to this dear people, whom I much love in the Lord. I hope some of them will be my crown of rejoicing.

June 22nd, I laboured at Amcotts, but did not feel as I could wish; the enemy of souls was there to withstand the offers of grace.—Next day, we came to Swinefleet, where Mr. T. preached at night: it was a solemn time; many felt the force of truth, and rejoiced in God their Saviour. I spoke in the morning: many were in tears, and I felt particularly happy. We had blessed times at Rawcliff, and Snaith, afterwards. On Monday, we returned to Rawcliff,—and found many striving together for the faith of the gospel: we had a blessed season among them.

Tuesday, June 26th, I spoke at Newland, and apparent good was done. The day after, I laboured with all my heart, at Temple, to a large congregation,—and felt it good to be there:—many were alarmed. Oh! that they may sleep

no more in their sins. On Friday, I spoke at Gowdall, where we had many hearers.

July 1st, I spoke again at Snaith, and Swinefleet: it was a good day to many, and my own soul felt very happy in God. On Monday, we came to Crowle, it being the quarter-day. Mr. Taft preached,—and we continued speaking and praying till about ten o'clock: many rejoiced in God. On Tuesday, I returned with a friend to Reedness, and spoke at night to a crowded congregation, many of whom were much affected. This season, I trust, will not soon be forgotten by either saint or sinner. At a prayer-meeting, the night after, one woman cried out aloud, but did not seem to obtain relief. On Thursday night, I spoke at Garforth, for the first time, with much freedom,—and saw numbers in tears. Praise God, that the poor have the gospel preached to them! On Friday, I spoke at Crowle again: the Lord was with us indeed; many hearts were truly glad in the salvation of God. On Sabbath, I spoke again with much freedom of soul, and felt much love to the precious souls of the children of men. The Lord has some precious jewels in this place;—a few pearls among the rubbish, such as, I trust, will be eternally saved. My soul feels much united to them. I expect to meet them in the judgment,—and to spend an eternity with them in heaven.

July 11th, I spoke at Wroote,—and many seemed concerned for their never-dying souls. Oh! that the eyes of sinners in this place may be opened, and kept open;—and may the few that have believed continue to shine, and increase to the perfect day, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

On the sabbath, I spoke again at Epworth: the Lord was with us; several felt much, and

were stirred up afresh, to cleave to God, with all their hearts. The glory of God continues to rest on this place, and people. On Tuesday, I was at Belton: we felt the softening power of God,—and the hearts of many did rejoice in God their Saviour. I was much pleased to find the dear souls standing fast in the faith, who had been brought to God. Oh! that they may grow up as calves of the stall.

On July 19th, I held a meeting at Burnham: one woman found peace with God,—and several more were under distress. Oh! the goodness of our God to his poor worms.

On Sabbath-day, at Epworth, I had a good time in hearing the truths of God, and in pleading with him for the souls of the people.

On Thursday, July 26th, I spoke at Burnham: it was a time of particular encouragement to believers, and I felt my own soul humbled before God that I had not lived more to his glory, and done more for that best of Beings, who had done so much for unworthy me.

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One forenoon, having taken a walk to visit some of the people, I passed a house where a child was crying most pitifully. I stopped a moment to listen, and then went into the house. I said to the mother, “what is the matter with your child?”—the poor woman, with tears in her eyes, said, “I have little or no milk, and believe it is crying for hunger.” I said, “let me give it some milk,”—which the child took with great eagerness. I then requested her to bring it to our house every day, at a certain time, which she did,—and in about a fortnight it was so much altered, that her husband said, “the preaching woman has cured my child;—I will go to hear her,—perhaps she will cure my

soul." He came, and got awakened; his wife also,—and they both united with us in class, and soon found peace with God. O may I meet them in heaven! What a vast variety of circumstances does God overrule, and make subservient, to the salvation of souls.

July 29th, I laboured again at Epworth: many were present, and God was made manifest to both saint and sinner, while I endeavoured to shew—what should be done unto the man whom the King of kings delighteth to honour. On Monday, I rode with a friend to Reedness. I felt the Lord present all the way, and found our dear friends looking upward. I had a precious season in the evening; many wept much. Oh! that much good may be done, for Jesus' sake. On Tuesday, I rode with a friend to Addlingfleet, and found the people all alive. My soul was much blessed in the work of the Lord,—but I long to see it go on more rapidly, in this part of his vineyard.

August 3rd, I returned to Epworth. On the sabbath-day, I spoke at West-woodside, in a barn, to a large congregation: many were much affected, and several cried out for mercy,—but I did not feel as I could have wished, in speaking. O Lord, help me to feel more for thy cause, and the salvation of souls! On Monday night, I was in the lower end of Epworth, and felt the Lord was with us in a blessed manner.

On Friday, August 10th, I spoke at Ferry: some appeared affected, and wept much,—but Oh! that the hinderance were removed from this place.

August 12th, I had a powerful season at Epworth; I felt much for precious souls: the Lord was with us, and it was a time of love and peace. Oh! that God may continue to keep the

lambs of his flock, as he hath hitherto done !
Amen.

On Friday, I preached at Amcotts, with much more freedom than before : one sinner cried aloud for mercy, and found peace. On Saturday, we rode to Swinefleet, and found a stranger there who promised to preach for Mr. Taft. We then rode on to Snaith, where I talked to the people in the forenoon. Mr. Taft preached at Rawcliff,—after which, we rode to Bawtry, where I spoke with much liberty to a number of attentive hearers.

On Monday, August 20th, we arrived at father Taft's, of Sandyacre. We found our dear parents tolerably well, both in body and mind. On Wednesday, I spoke at Stapleford to a number of my old friends, but did not feel the liberty I wished.

Sabbath-day, August 26. Mr. Taft preached at Nottingham in the morning, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper : it was a solemn, precious season to many. I laboured in the evening, and felt it good to be among my old friends, with whom I had received many gracious visits from the Lord. It gave me pleasure to hear, that many of my spiritual children stand fast in the Lord. Oh ! that they may continue to shine, more and more, to the perfect day !

September the 8th, we returned to Epworth, where I had an opportunity of hearing Mr. J. W.— : he laboured with all his heart. On Monday, we left Epworth, to exchange with one of the preachers in the Gainsborough circuit. As we proceeded, one of the wheels of our chair broke down suddenly : through mercy, we were not hurt. I looked up to heaven, and cried out, " Lord, this is among the all things which do

work together for good to them that love thee." My husband left me with some friends in the village, and went on to Gainsborough, where he just arrived in time to preach. The friends who entertained me, soon found me work to do. The accident had been rumoured abroad, and their little chapel was full of people in two hours time. I spoke freely, and have a hope that some fruit may yet appear. On Wednesday evening, I spoke at Gainsborough, to a large congregation, and found the Lord to help me. Oh! that I may praise him whilst he lends me breath.

September 6th, I laboured in the country, and had a gracious season. Praise the Lord! On Saturday night, Mr. T. preached at Scotton: the house was well filled, and it was a precious season to me and many. This has long been a highly-favoured spot,—and some of the most valuable of God's jewels live here. Oh! that God may add unto them daily such as shall be saved.

On the sabbath morning, I spoke with much freedom of spirit. At one o'clock, Mr. Taft preached at Kirton, to a very genteel congregation,—but too many appeared as though they were only hearers of the word. I spoke at night, but the word had not free course, as I could have wished.

On Monday, I spoke at Scrowby,—and Mr. T. made the collection for Gainsborough chapel, as he had done in most of the places in the circuit, by particular request of the stewards. This prevented us from continuing a prayer-meeting afterwards, which I have often found attended with special good.

On Thursday night, I spoke at Mr. Bishop's, of Susworth: this is a family truly devoted to God. We had a blessed time,—praise his holy

name! On Friday, I spoke at Laughton, to a crowded audience, and felt much freedom. On Saturday, my husband preached at Scotton,—and the Lord was eminently present and precious to many. On the sabbath morning, I spoke again; it was a good time. In the afternoon, Mr. T. preached at Kirton, with more freedom than before. I laboured at night, and felt I had power with God: many wept much, and we had a blessed prayer-meeting; one young woman appeared to have got much good. On Monday evening, we were at another village, where many were much affected: in the prayer-meeting, two women from a distance, found peace with God. On Saturday, we returned to our good friend, Mr. Thompson's, of Gainsborough. On Sunday, at noon, Mr. Taft preached with much freedom,—and at night, I spoke in a full house: the Lord was with us, to wound and to heal. I spoke again on Monday night, and continued a prayer-meeting in the vestry: two or three found peace with God,—and one old man was powerfully wrought upon, but did not find peace. Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Taft, on their return home, found this old man in the market-place, upon his knees, crying to God for mercy; they encouraged him a little, as they conducted him home. May the Lord save him, for his mercies' sake! Amen.

September 25th, we set off for Saltfleet, to bathe our little child. Oh! that the Lord may give his blessing. We laboured there, and at Louth, alternately, the two or three days we continued at that place. On Saturday, we returned to Gainsborough, where I spoke at noon,—and Mr. Taft at night. The Lord was with us of a truth. All glory to his sacred name!

On Thursday night, October 1, 1804, I spoke

at Epworth. On Saturday, Mr. Taft took me to our dear friends at Amcotts, where I stopped a fortnight, and I trust not in vain. We had some precious seasons together: several obtained peace with God,—and one professed that he had found the Lord to cleanse him from all sin. Oh! the goodness of God in the land of the living!

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October 26th, I laboured at Ferry, and we had a love-feast afterwards: many spoke of the gracious dealings of God with their souls; it was a season of much joy; several of our young girls from Epworth spoke, some not more than twelve, fourteen, or sixteen years of age. Several of these had been the means of their parents' conversion to God, by their pious example, and many prayers.

The following is a letter to Mr. Taft, from Mr. Furness:—

Doncaster, November 1, 1804.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

We are sorry that Mrs. Taft can only spend so short a time with us; however, we must wait a more favourable opportunity, and accept, with thankfulness, the short proposed visit, at the time specified in your answer to my former letter, viz. at Aukley on Friday evening, November 9,—and on Saturday, come forward to Doncaster.—I shall publish for Mrs. Taft to preach on Sunday, at two o'clock, and at six in the evening, at Doncaster; also, on the Monday evening. On the Tuesday, we will convey her safe, through divine providence, to you at Snaith, according to your request. Mrs. Furness, along with the Doncaster friends, and myself, join in love to Mrs. Taft, and self.

I remain your truly affectionate

Friend and Brother,

J. FURNESS.

November 7th, I spoke again at Epworth, and felt the Lord to stand by me, and strengthen me. On Wednesday, I laboured at Belton: several were in distress. On Friday, the 9th, I spoke at Aukley, to a large congregation. On Saturday, a friend took me to Doncaster, where I spoke twice on the sabbath-day,—and again on Monday night, to a large number of attentive hearers. The new chapel was well filled: these were precious seasons to many,—and one woman, that we knew of, found peace with God. On Wednesday, I had a meeting at Temple-Hurst: it was an affecting season indeed; the Lord was with us of a truth. The Lord is sometimes received by the rich as well as the poor,—and wherever the Lord is himself received, the door is always opened for his servants. On Friday, I spoke again at Gowdall to a full house; and on Saturday night, I heard Mr. Taft at Snaith: it was a good time to me and many. Praise the Lord!—On sabbath-day morning, we had a large congregation, and I saw several much affected: one woman found peace. We left them praying, and rode on to Rawcliff, where Mr. Taft preached: it was a precious season to many. From here, he proceeded to Swinefleet. I spoke at Rawcliff, at night, to a large congregation: many felt the Lord at work upon their minds, and my soul was much blessed with the dear people. I spoke to them again on Monday evening, with great comfort to my own mind: we had a fellowship-meeting afterwards, and many spoke of the dealings of God with their souls, with much freedom and clearness.

On Wednesday, November 21, I laboured at Hatfield, and felt it a gracious season: one young woman who had been awakened in one

of our meetings about a year ago, found peace with God,—and several more were under convictions. On Thursday night, I spoke at Hatfield-Woodhouse to a large congregation: it was a time of awakening to many. I hope to see some of them at the right-hand of God.

From Mr. George Thompson, a Wesleyan itinerant preacher, to Mrs. Taft:—

Ayr, October 22, 1804.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,

I received your kind letter,—and though I have not written to you sooner, it was not because I had forgot you. I trust, I shall always keep in remembrance the instrument that was the means in the hands of God of first rousing me out of nature's darkness. Since I wrote to you before, I have had many joys and sorrows; but I bless my Redeemer for still keeping my head above water, and enabling me to find my duty to be my delight,—so that my soul is kept flourishing—my eye single—and, if I mistake not, my heart unreservedly given to God. Praise his name! my labour has not been in vain in the vineyard of the Lord; for I have the pleasure of seeing many seals to my ministry. I have often thanked God for casting my lot in Scotland, and I still feel grateful for this providential circumstance. At present, I have no desire to go to any other place, than where the Lord shall send me. In this circuit, we have a favourable prospect of good. A few souls have been converted since Conference,—and I trust, we shall have a prosperous year. I hope, brother Taft is happy in the Lord, and that your united labours will be crowned with great success. I shall be happy, if I live, to see you, and still more so, to meet you in heaven. The Lord bless and preserve you both

I am your's, sincerely,

GEORGE THOMPSON.

Friday, November 23rd, I returned to Epworth with dear Mr. H.—. May the Lord reward him and his for their kindness to unworthy me! On the sabbath-day, I spoke at Belton,—after which, we had a love-feast: the Lord was with us of a truth; many spoke with much freedom, and several were in deep distress,—one was enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God. I had a precious week at Epworth; the Lord was powerfully present in the prayer-meetings.

On Saturday, December 1st, I rode with Mr. Taft to Crowle: he left me there, and went on to preach at some distance. He returned to us in the evening. This day, the Lord helped us both, and the people seemed to feel much. We rejoiced together in the grace of God. Oh! that we may rejoice together in the kingdom of heaven. On Monday, we returned to Epworth, and felt much of the presence of the Lord. On Thursday night, I met Mrs. S.—'s class of young girls: it was a glorious season; there were eleven present, ten of whom could rejoice in a sin-pardoning God. Several of them prayed afterwards with such fluency of speech, and fervency of soul, that I was quite astonished.

December 9th, I met my own class, and was much blessed. I find, they are getting forward in the good way,—standing fast in the liberty wherewith Jesus Christ has made them free. I spoke at night to a large congregation, from these words, which were much impressed upon my mind—“*The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, &c.*” The people appeared much encouraged and strengthened. This was a week of temptation,—but the Lord was near to help me. Praise his holy name! On Thursday evening, I held a meeting in Lower-Epworth, but did not feel the liberty

I wished, though many appeared blessed of God.

On Sabbath-day, December 16th, I had good seasons in our class, in hearing God's word, and in labouring at night. All glory to the Lamb! I feel much united to this people in the Lord. May he save them for ever, for his name's sake! I had a good week in private, and in visiting the friends. Oh! how precious is the sound of Jesus' name!

On Sabbath-day, December 23rd, I had a good season, and could truly praise the Lord with my whole heart. We had a crowded house at night, and I felt much freedom.

On Tuesday, December 25th, I spoke at Belton in the afternoon, it being Christmas-day. We continued a prayer-meeting, in which several were under deep distress, especially one man from Epworth: he roared out aloud for the quietude of his soul,—and we wrestled with God for him most of an hour, but he did not get quite clear respecting his acceptance. Several more remained in deep distress. Oh! that the Lord may continue to work, till he has subdued all hearts to himself.

On Thursday, January 3, 1805, I went to Ferry, and spoke at night: it was a hard time. O Lord, revive thy work here!

On Thursday, January 10th, I returned to Epworth,—and from thence went to Crowle, where I spoke three times. We had also several prayer-meetings. Monday and Wednesday were particular times: many were under distress, and some could rejoice in God their Saviour. Oh! that they may not measure their steps back again to earth. Mr. Taft preached on Thursday night, after which, he read over the form of Covenant: it was a gracious season.

On Friday, January 18th, we returned again to Epworth: Mr. Taft preached in the afternoon, as usual,—and I spoke to the people at night. I spent this week at Epworth, with much comfort and satisfaction to myself, and I believe, with profit to others. I felt happy in God, and much zeal for his glory.

On Sabbath-day, January 27th, I spoke again at Epworth to a large congregation, endeavouring to shew them the way to life. One found peace this day in our class-meeting; and during the week, I had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with several who had had good times.

February 3rd. I had another happy day among my Epworth friends. We had a chapel full of hearers, who were very attentive while I endeavoured to explain and enforce that scripture—“*Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner, but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.*” This was a week of much communion with God: my soul praises him for all his goodness. I felt particularly blessed in the prayer-meetings.

Sabbath-day, February 10th, I had a meeting at Lower-Epworth, at Mr. B.—’s: one man was much affected,—insomuch, that he trembled, and wept, and prayed, till he was enabled to rejoice in God his Saviour. I spoke at Belton in the evening to a large congregation: several appeared under distress. I feel infinite cause of gratitude to God, that the people here stand fast in the faith of the gospel. On sabbath-day, a stranger, Mr. W.—, took my appointment in the evening.

On Thursday, February 28th, I spoke in another part of the town, in a house crowded with people: two or three were in distress, but none found peace that I knew of.

Sabbath-day, March 3rd, I preached at East-Ferry: I felt it one of the most gracious seasons of my life. One woman was powerfully blessed, and constrained to praise God aloud: a man also, felt the Lord again to lift up upon him the light of his reconciled countenance. Several remained in distress. At night, I spoke in Ferry chapel, to a large congregation,—and on Tuesday, at a place in the country, to a few hardened villagers, where there had probably never been a public meeting before.

On sabbath-day, I had a meeting at Lower-Epworth. The congregation was large: one woman found peace with God. Glory be to his name! I had a good time again in the evening at our chapel: it was so full, the candles would scarcely burn.

Thursday, March 14th, I spoke again at the east-end of the town.

Sabbath-day, March 17th, I took my appointment in the chapel, and spoke to a large and attentive congregation: the people were much affected. Oh! that the Lord may continue to revive and carry on his work here. I had a comfortable week in visiting the dear people; and on sabbath-day, the 24th, the Lord was with us indeed: one poor woman found peace with God,—and the Lord is increasing the number of our class, and of them who believe. All glory to God and the Lamb.

March 27. We rode to Derrythorpe, where there are many precious souls. I spoke at night: the people are very lively. On the day following, we had a good time at Gunhouse; the Lord helped me to set before the people—the way of life: some seemed lively, and others were more fully awakened to a sense of their danger. On Friday, we came to Amcotts, and I felt my own

soul much engaged with God for this people. I felt a good time at the chapel in the evening: many wept. God is at work at this place. Praise his holy name!

On Saturday, March 30th, we rode to Swinefleet, where Mr. Taft preached to a sensible, feeling, and precious people. It was good to be there. We had many in the morning, and my soul felt enlarged after their welfare. In the evening, many were powerfully wrought upon by the spirit of God.

On Monday, April 1st, we had a gracious season at Rawcliff. God has graciously revived his work in this place lately. On Tuesday, we were at Newland: many came out of mere curiosity. Oh! that God may follow the word with his blessing. On Wednesday, we rode to Mr. Smith's, of Temple-Hurst,—having left my little child at Newlands, to be weaned. I felt my mind low, but the Lord was near to help and save; we felt much blessed in the means of grace. Oh! for a greater glory.

On Saturday, March 6th, we came to Snaith, where Mr. Taft preached. This place has been low for some time; very few have thought it worth their while to come and hear for themselves,—yet, several have been awakened lately. On the sabbath-day, at noon, I spoke at Rawcliff,—and at night, at Swinefleet: the Lord was present in his convincing spirit, and several were awakened this day. Oh! that some fruit may remain, to be found after many days. On Monday, I spoke at Reedness to a large congregation, all of whom were very attentive, except two or three triflers. Oh! that God's Spirit may fasten conviction on their hearts. The day following, I spoke at Whitgift, and felt powerfully helped from heaven: some trembled, while others

cried out for mercy. On Wednesday, it was a powerful time at Garthorpe. They appear here, a very steady people. My soul was much refreshed among them,—and I felt determined, by divine grace, to be faithful.

* * * * *

On Saturday, April 13, 1805, we went to Redford, where I tried to preach Jesus to them: it was a glorious season to many,—and I felt much blessed in my own soul, both in the public and private means of grace. We spent the following week in the neighbourhood, and had many good seasons: some were awakened, and a few found mercy. On the sabbath-day, we were at Mr. Ward's, at Edenstow, one of my sons in the gospel,—and who has been an instrument in the hand of the Lord, of raising a chapel, in which God's name is recorded. All the members of this family are precious to me. Mr. Taft opened the chapel in the morning,—and I spoke in the afternoon. The next day, we rode to Sandyaere, and found our dear parents well. From thence, we rode on to Derby,—where, in the evening, I endeavoured to preach Jesus. Oh! that they may all receive him in all his offices. Mr. Taft preached the day following at his father's: it was a good time. On Wednesday, we rode to Holton Park, near Redford, where I spoke in the evening, to a very large congregation: two, or more, found mercy with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. The day following, we came to Grinlow-on-the-Hill: many were waiting for us: this people listened to the word with great attention, and many tears.

On sabbath morning, I spoke at Swinefleet, and had a blessed time in proclaiming the truth. Oh! for the power of God to save! many felt much blessed. Praise the name of the Lord, O

my soul! In the evening, I spoke at Rawcliff, with much freedom: many felt the word to be spirit and life. The earnest cry of my heart is, "*O Lord, revive thy work!*"

On Monday, April 29th, we had a good season in visiting the sick. On Wednesday, we were at Temple-Hurst. On speaking from these words—"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John, i. 9.)—my soul felt much blessed, and some were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. Praise his holy name for ever and ever!

The following letter is from an old friend, Mr. Levick:—

Sheffield, April 26, 1805.

DEAR SISTER,

We received your's, and are thankful you account us worthy to come under our poor little roof. I wish it were larger—this Conference at least; it will do very well any time else. If you will look in the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis (read all the chapter), twenty-fifth verse, you will find our answer, in that of Rebecca to Abraham's servant.—I have shed many tears over this chapter: the piety of this good man under that dispensation, hath nearly broken my heart, covered me with blushes, laid me in the dust, fixed my hand upon my mouth, and wrung from my heart—"God be merciful to my poor soul!" I feel, I can tenderly sympathize with your suffering for the Lord Jesus—his cause, and gospel. Be not discouraged:—"through blood, you must the entrance gain, &c." I am not without a small share of suffering, though not exactly in the same way. Before they broke out, I was warned in dreams—that the storm was gathering over my head. In reading also, I could open to no passages in God's word, but such as tended to encouragement. Isaiah, chapter fifty-fourth, and fifteenth verse, many times were applied. I was wonderfully

warned, and charged to stand fast ; but to my shame be it spoken, I have not stood as well as I might ; I have given way to hard thoughts of many kinds of high professors, but the Lord hath in mercy interfered. The Lord shewed me—how Moses suffered with, and for the Israelites,—and yet, he would not leave them. I have, at such times as these, taken courage, shouldered the cross, and by the grace of God, am hobbling on my way to heaven. I once thought of riding full gallop into heaven,—but now, I am glad to dismount, and beg, pray, weep, creep, sigh, moan, strive, and groan, to keep my head above water.—I sometimes think this preaching will downright kill me.—I have heard you say (many years ago) in our bands, what a poor creature you felt yourself to be. I did not then *fully* believe you, but thought it was mock humility : I thought that preachers could never feel poor. I have now learnt better, and feel myself little more than the skeleton of a believer.—One part of your letter rejoices me much,—that God is owning you in the circuit. May God humble, and own you ten thousand times more ! Amen. Go on, never mind Conference ! men, or devils,—do, and get all the good you can : have not the world, the flesh, and the devil had enough of you ? yes, they have ;—now work for God harder than ever. I thank God, for taking the old woman's inside out. May he take the inside out of every Methodist in the connexion. I love to be in those meetings where God takes out the bad insides, especially old Methodists : there is then some stirring, but their skins are hard and tough. May God rip them all up ! I know, no common circumcising knife will do it ; but you knew, the Lord said to Joshua, “ Make thee sharp knives, and circumcise every skin of them that are come over Jordan with thee ”—and he did so. Our spiritual Joshua has sharper knives than these ! May God use them ! Amen. God bless you both. My wife is put poorly at this time. We are travelling on to the kingdom, and unite in love.

I am your's, &c.

GEORGE LEVICK.

On Friday, May 3, 1805, we came again to Gowdall, and had a gracious season among the dear people: my soul felt it good to be there. Oh! that I may be more faithful. On the sabbath-day, Mr. Taft spoke in the morning at Snaith, and at Swinefleet in the evening: this was a good day to my soul,—and I trust many felt the mighty power of God.

On Tuesday, May 7th, we returned to Epworth, and found my dear new class doing well, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Sampson, whom we much love in the Lord. On sabbath-day, I spoke at Epworth again, and felt much liberty and freedom in explaining his word: many were much engaged in the blessed work of prayer. This week was a rest to my body,—but my soul never feels so well as when engaged in God's work.

Sabbath-day, May 19th, I spoke at Crowle, and I trust not in vain; for the Lord has given me some seals in this place. Oh! that they may stand in the evil day, and having done all, stand.

On Tuesday, I had a blessed season at Burnham. Oh! that the little leaven here, may leaven the whole lump! Amen.

The sabbath-day following, I was at Swinefleet,—and the following week, in the neighbourhood: there are some appearances of good in this part.

* * * * *

Sabbath-day, June 2, we had a love-feast at Snaith: it was a very precious season to me, and to scores besides.

On sabbath-day, June 9th, we were at Mr. Thomas Maw's, of Wroote,—and at a love-feast in their little chapel there: it was a general good time, and several found peace with God. This week was a rest for me at Epworth, and

a time of severe exercise,—but glory be to God, his grace was sufficient.

June the 16th, I spoke at the lower end of the town: the people of God were much raised, and several were brought into liberty. This week, I spent at Epworth,—and on Saturday, was going to Owston Ferry, when a letter overtook me, which I opened, and felt exceedingly to find—that mother Taft was on the verge of death. I returned, and sent for Mr. Taft immediately from the country part of the circuit. He came as soon as he received the intelligence,—and about ten o'clock in the evening, we set off for Sandyacre, where we arrived on sabbath-day evening, and found our mother much afflicted,—but very sensible, and exceedingly glad to see us. She was very happy in her soul, and strove to make us as comfortable as possible. This was a time of sorrow, but the patience of our aged mother under her great affliction, was great indeed.

June 25, 1805, she left us with a good hope of eternal life. We stayed about a fortnight in the neighbourhood. I spoke once at Stapleford in that time,—but the greatest part of our time was spent with father Taft. We returned to Epworth,—and on the sabbath-day, July 21st, took our leave of a most affectionate and precious people. Mr. Taft preached in the forenoon, and I spoke in the afternoon: thousands of tears were shed on all sides. We all wished we could have lived and died together; it was the most affecting scene I ever witnessed.

* * * * *

After spending a fortnight at Mr. Levick's, during the Conference held at Sheffield—and a few days with our father Taft, at Sandyacre, during which time the Lord blessed us, and we

trust he also made us a blessing,—we arrived in safety at Burnley, in the Colne circuit, to which we were appointed, and to which my husband had been invited. I felt greatly favoured in being stationed among my old friends, and in my native county,—and though the glory was in part departed, especially at Burnley, where I had witnessed a mighty outpouring of the Spirit of God, and a wonderful ingathering of souls, nevertheless we found many, and thank God some of my children in the Lord truly alive to their best interest, and to the prosperity of God's cause. Some of us wept for joy at our first interview,—and a few of us agreed to meet statedly at the throne of grace, for God's especial blessing upon our appointment,—and labours. May the Lord abundantly bless us, and make us a blessing to very many. Thank God, my soul is truly alive to him,—and my earnest desire and prayer is, that souls may be saved. I can truly say that this is more to me than any thing else,—and were it not for this, *none* would hear my voice in the house of God.—It is *not*, (and it never was) because I wish to be *seen* and *heard* that sinners hear my voice—but because I love them, and pity them, and would have them be saved; and in trying to save souls, my own soul is watered and blest—my joy and happiness much increased,—and what is best of all, I feel the approbation of God the Holy Spirit in this. I travail in birth for souls! Lord give me many souls in Burnley, and in every place in this circuit.

“ I cannot willing be,
 Thy bounty to conceal
 From others who like me
 Their wants and hunger feel :
 Pll tell them of thy mercies' store,
 And try to send a thousand more.”

I know my conduct herein has been rendered *vile* in the esteem of some ; this I must leave to the Judge of all,—let it be my business to guard against prejudice. Thank God, I feel free *now*. What a mercy my husband is of the same mind with me, as touching my public work,—and he encourages me in it. So was Mr. Fletcher, though a clergyman of the Church of England, with respect to the labours of his good wife : he never hindered her—or laid any stone of stumbling in her way, but contrarywise *encouraged her*.

* * * * *

September 1st, I spoke at Burnley, to a vast crowd of people : I felt great freedom. This week, I began a new class with my mother, who is come to reside with us, myself, and two more. May the Lord send prosperity.

Wednesday, September 4th, I went to my sister Hudson's, at Barnoldswick, and spoke from "*If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who can prepare himself for the battle.*" We had a multitude of people,—and the best of all, God was with us.

Sunday, September 16th, I had a gracious day at Padiham : some were much affected,—and one or two got awakened.

Sunday, September 30th, I spoke out of doors at Pendlebottom : no house could hold one-third part of the people. Truly, the fields are white unto harvest. Lord send out faithful labourers ! Amen. The congregation was very serious and attentive,—and some wept much.

Thursday, October 4th, I walked to Mr. Sager's, of Southfield, and spoke in their little chapel in the evening, with much freedom. To this family, God had made me useful in days that are past and gone ; yea, we have had seasons of power and grace *here*, both in the *house* and *chapel*, that

will never be forgot: I believe they are on the records of heaven.

* * * * *

Thus fâ of my journal I have judged right to publish. Whether any more will be published, time will shew. My thanks, best wishes, and prayers, attend *those* who have professed to have received profit, and edification by reading the first part.

TO MRS. MARY TAFT,

On READING her MEMOIRS by her SINCERE FRIEND,

JOHN RAWSON.



HAIL! thou successful legate of the skies!

Thy great achievements thou may'st well record,
For thou hast thousands slain, and seen them rise,
A living army to confess their Lord.

Thou canst declare the wonders of his grace,

Because his glory thou hast often seen;
Jehovah's mighty arm in every place, *made bare?*
Hath been made bare wherever thou hast been.

A female hand the sacred sword can wield,

Lo! in the battle's front she boldly stands;
Strong in her God the warrior takes the field,
And drives with terror back the rebel bands.

Yes! Mary fought the battles of the Lord,
 Nor scarce a warrior ever fought so well;
 Or can more glorious vict'ries record,
 Or yet beneath whose stroke more victims fell.

Ye flaming Preachers of the Gospel, you
 So fam'd for learning, wisdom, eloquence,
 Commission'd by her Lord why not avow;
 That Mary should the word of life dispense.

Constrain'd at length this solemn truth confess,
 That by a female he his word hath sent;
 Another's honour can make yours' no less,
 Then why despise his chosen instrument?

What! still persist to question Mary's call,
 And say she ought in silence to remain;
 Nay! first produce a man amongst you all,
 Whose great commission can be prov'd so plain.

What! Mary's call to question and deny,
 The sun's existence sooner doubt by far;
 When in meridian blaze he drives on high,
 Along the shining way his flaming car.

Let erring mortals bow to God's behest,
 Vain man that's blind and helpless from his birth;
 The weak he can with might and power invest,
 When he commands, a worm shall shake the earth.

It has been done—he bids a female rise!
 Rebels are humbled and confess their King,
 Lo! Satan falls like light'ning from the skies,
 While heav'n's high courts with loud hosannas ring.

Mary shall live, when suns and worlds expire,
 Shall with her children bow before his face;
 Angels and prophets did her zeal admire,
 And she with them shall shout his conq'ring grace.

Your's affectionately,

JOHN RAWSON.

Tadcaster, March 27, 1827.

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